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CAPTAIN GARBAS.

A TALE FROM THE FRENCH.

‘For my part,’ said Captain Garbas, ‘nothing very extraordinary has happened to me since I was shot.’

A loud shout of astonishment, multiplied by twenty different cries, was the answer to these few words.

We were there, in fact, twenty, grouped round a gigantic bowl of punch, in the court-yard of the mayoralty house of the first ward: artists, writers, men of the world, national guards, troops of the line, thrown together by the sad chances of civil war, during that night of the twenty-third of June, 1848, which preceded the most bloody of the four bloody days. Thanks to that mobility of the French nature, which likes to jest with serious things, and to take in earnest those that are ludicrous, every one of us attempted to introduce a joke, a story, a recollection, in the midst of the general preëccupation. As there was a possibility of being killed the day after, it even seemed good taste to laugh a little; for you know France is the country where, next to the merit of *being* brave, they like most to add the pleasure of *appearing* so.

Then we had ordered a lake of punch, held with great trouble in a regiment pot, which could well have been used as a foot-tub by the elephant of the zoological gardens. Those small bluish and whimsical flames, flickering like night-fires on that dark and boiling surface, were very much like the wild ideas of the moment, floating over the calamitous reality. We had all more or less tried to find at the bottom of our glasses forgetfulness of the cares of the day before, and the dangers of the morrow: a journalist had cracked a few jokes, a tourist had related an anecdote of his travels, a sportsman had narrated one of his last adventures, a painter had told some *charge** of his studio. In short, most of us had paid their stakes of voluntary or

* The word ‘charge’ means ludicrous anecdote.

forced gayety, when Captain Garbas, who had yet said nothing, obtained the greatest success of the evening, owing to those few words, 'Nothing very extraordinary has happened to me since I was shot.'

He was, to say the truth, a very strange man, that Captain Garbas. I only saw him during a few hours, and he left on me a deeper impression, a more durable recollection, than many persons with whom I have spent months and years. He might have been fifty-five years old: he was of middle size, lean, sinewy, and of a very dark complexion, which made a very odd contrast with his white hair, cut short, and drawn back on the temples with a military precision. His perfectly regular features had certainly been very handsome before care, fatigue or age had made the oval longer, stripped the forehead, brought sadness to the mouth, and wrinkles on the cheeks. His eyes, whose dark and deep expression had first oppressed my heart, astonished me by their brightness while he was speaking.

All the efforts, all the curiosity, all the entreaties of my companions failed to overcome the taciturnity of Captain Garbas. However, the uselessness of these attempts did not produce the effect that might have been expected. Any other but the Captain would have passed before his skeptical audience for a boaster, desirous of drawing attention, yet unable to back his bragging. But there was in his looks and his countenance something so imposing and so sad, that we all felt, in spite of ourselves, ready to respect his secret, sooner than to doubt that he had one. By degrees questions became less pressing, and looks less animated. Beside, night was coming on, and we were mostly all getting sleepy. Already along the walls of that large and dull court-yard, bundles of straw spread on the pavement were used as camp-beds, where rested several close ranks of sleepers. When the straw was pretty thick, the bed was two stories high, with a man on each story. Without any distinction of rank or of epaulets, the corporal was snoring under the private, and the sergeant under the corporal.

Most of our punch-drinkers had followed the general example, and had gone to sleep one after the other. The last flames of the reviving beverage were struggling and dying away at the bottom of the vase, alas! as were to die away a few hours later the last flames of life in the hearts of several of the brave fellows who were round me. Soon after, no one there was awake out of that company just now so noisy, but Captain Garbas and myself. The night had a character of solemn grandeur very different from the placid one which pleases lovers and poets. It was not one of those fine summer nights, when God places myriads of stars in the blue sky, as the only diamonds worthy of His omnipotence: it was a dark and troubled night, in which our passions were felt in the universal calm. The sky, cold and

rainy, in spite of the season, had none of the splendors of summer; a few stars, wet and shivering, appeared and disappeared under the clouds, like our frail hopes, under the mournful veil of the public calamity. Now and then a shot would be fired singly, lost in the space; then, at regular intervals, the cries of sentinels on the look-out were heard, answering each other in the distance, then dying away in the lonely streets.

Suddenly Captain Garbas filled his glass for the last time, and drank it rapidly: then turning toward me with a scrutinizing look that I shall never forget, he said, pointing to my sleeping comrades:

'You are the only one of these gentlemen who has not asked me the explanation of what I have just now said.'

'It is,' I replied, 'because I remember an old saying ——'

'And what is that saying?'

'That a sensible man must not seek to discover a secret, but must wait till the secret is told to him.'

'So you are waiting for mine?'

'No, for you do not know whether I am worthy of knowing it.'

'That is true. You are not a soldier?'

'I have not that honor; but I have always had a respect for soldiers, an admiration for military life, which will make you forgive my being a civilian.'

'You never smelt gunpowder?'

'Never.'

'Well, are you sure not to be afraid to-morrow?'

'If I am afraid, I shall try that it shall not be perceived.'

'Through a motive of pride?'

'No; for honor alone.'

'It is well.'

Captain Garbas added nothing to these words; but from his agitated manner, and the sadness of his looks, it was easy to see that he was less determined to remain silent than before. He rose, and brushing a sleeve of his coat with the cuff of the other,

'It is strange,' said he; 'we are in the end of the month of June, and it is not warm. It reminds me that at Mont Saint-Jean, on the night of the seventeenth and eighteenth of June, I felt a chill over me; that chill was an omen: the day after I received a cut from a broad-sword which kept me six months between life and death. Ah! why did I not die then?'

I took out of my pocket a couple of cigars, kept one, and offered the other silently to Captain Garbas. He thanked me with a look, struck a light, offered me in his turn a piece of tinder burning on his flint: then, when we were both lighted, he asked me:

'Where are you from?'

‘From Grenoble.’

‘From Grenoble!’ he exclaimed, with a sudden start; ‘from Grenoble! Ah! well do I comprehend now the strange and irresistible instinct that drew me toward you. Tell me,’ said he, mastering his emotion, ‘can you give me any news about the de Montmeillan family?’

‘It is extinct.’

‘Yes, it was to be so,’ he added, with unutterable sadness; and he remained pensive for a few moments, his forehead leaning on his hand; then he said, with an unsteady voice:

‘I once spent nearly a year in the environs of Grenoble; I knew that family; the old Count de Montmeillan had a son and a daughter.’

‘The son, Marcelin, died this winter a widower, and without children; the daughter, Henrietta, or rather sister Cesaria-Rosa, died in the convent of the Carmelites in 1845.’

‘She spent there twenty-eight years, then; twenty-eight years of austerity, immolation and sacrifice for faults that were not hers. Ah! God warns and condemns me by your lips: I see that my presentiments did not deceive me, and that I also have but to die.’

That grief, so true and deep, overcame me by degrees, without my being yet able to discern the cause of it. The Captain was there, standing before me, his brown and wrinkled face bent on his bosom. By the gas-light, and that of the last fires straggling in the courtyard, I saw a tear rolling from his eyes. I took his hand and pressed it without uttering a word. My emotion was of more use to me than the sharpest curiosity could have been; he acknowledged my silent pressure, and said to me in a low tone of voice:

‘Listen! the de Montmeillan family is extinct; the sad secret, the remembrance of love and despair which bound me to that family, belongs now only to myself. Beside, I feel that I shall die to-morrow. That recollection weighs on me heavily, and it seems to me that I shall die more at ease if I make my confession to an honest man.’

‘I am not,’ I muttered, smiling sadly, ‘a very venerable confessor; there are those whose qualities are sacred, whose words of comfort are omnipotent, whose forgiveness is positive.’

‘It is true,’ replied Captain Garbas. ‘In the midst of the chances of my soldier’s life, how many times have I thought, how often did I say to myself, that while sister Cesaria-Rosa forgave me, and was praying for me, it would be soothing to me to be able to pray also, to pray for myself and for her! Born in a country where we inhale faith with the air we breathe, it has very often seemed to me that the voice of God was calling me; but never like this evening. Now it is too late: we only have a few hours left, and I cannot abandon my post.

To-morrow, if I am not shot dead, and if you see me fall, promise me to do all in your power to get a priest for me.'

I made him the promise. He resumed with more calmness:

'Thank you. Now, this promise has made you my friend, my only, my last friend; and to a friend one can say all. Your name?'

'Lionel.'

'Lionel, listen to me.'

We spread our cloaks on a bundle of straw just left by its former occupant; Captain Garbas again lighted his cigar; we sat close to each other, and he began his relation in these terms:

'I am not called Paul Garbas, and I am not a Frenchman: my name is Paolo Garba, and I am a Calabrese. In 1809, (I was hardly sixteen,) I was herdsman for Antonio, a rich farmer in the vicinity of Martorano. The farm of Antonio Paëse, situated on the slope of a hill, overlooked the sea on one side; on the other the forest of St. Euphemia. I still recollect the landscape, as if I could efface from my life thirty-eight years of suffering and exile, and again open my youthful eyes on the stable with its rustic roof, to which my herd came home at night.

'One day in autumn I had driven my goats to the borders of the forest, where grew aromatic plants of which they were very fond. At sunset, when I assembled them to drive them back to the farm, I noticed that two were missing. I was in despair. In addition to my loving those tame animals, which until then had been my only companions, I knew well that Antonio could not be deceived respecting their numbers. I went far into the forest of Saint Euphemia, following as well as I could a narrow path which wound constantly round the trees. I had walked for half-an-hour, now and then stopping to seek my way through the coming darkness, when I reached a glade where the last rays of the sun shining through the foliage allowed me to see, hidden under a thick group of beech trees, and built against them, a miserable hut, out of which came a little smoke. At the same time, a young girl about my own age appeared on the threshold, and ran toward me, telling me joyfully and out of breath:

'I am sure that the goats are yours.'

'She told me that she had gone out an hour before to gather some wood, and that she had seen two frightened goats running toward her; no doubt the noise or the scent of some wild beast was the cause of their fright. Then not daring to leave her hut, she had thought it the wisest plan to give shelter to the runaways, hoping that they would soon be claimed. All this was said with a sweet and simple tone which went to my heart. As the young girl spoke to me, her gay smile disappeared, giving way to an expression of sadness, which seemed to be usual with her. I wanted to thank her, but finding no

words, I took her hand, which I pressed in mine : she did not draw it away, and fastening on me her look full of innocence and frankness, she asked me my name.

‘Paolo : and yours?’ said I.

‘Luisella.’

‘Well, Luisella, I thank you,’ said I, moving away.

‘From that day my goats had no longer the first place in my heart : they ceased to be my only companions. As you may easily believe, I soon found again the small path which led to Luisella’s hut. I saw her again, and it was not long before I loved her. It was nearly the love of a child, artless and pure, vague and radiant like youth and morning. To see Luisella ; to sit next to her on the heaps of dry leaves piled up by autumn winds at the foot of the trees ; to climb up, like a wild-cat, to the highest clusters of briers ; to bring her back a bunch of grapes or berries, that was my happiness, my joy, my life. However, I observed with uneasiness that Luisella was always sad, and when I questioned her as to the cause of her melancholy, she refused to answer. She never would receive me in her hut ; there were even days when she would leave me abruptly, begging me not to follow her. In short, I knew nothing of her life, while she was acquainted with the whole of mine.

‘At last, my youth and my love having inspired her with more confidence, Luisella informed me that she lived in that hut with her father, but that he, nearly all the time *in the field*, only came back at rare intervals during a few hours in the night, to get gun-powder and provisions ; then he went away again, exposed to all hazards and perils. Afterward she told me, stammering, the name of her father, which was Tiodoro Mileto. That disclosure and that name made me shudder : I knew the meaning of those words, ‘in the field,’ and the name of Tiodoro Mileto was that of one of those daring men who had rebelled against Joachim Murat, and of whom civil war had made formidable bandits. I then understood the sadness, the anxiety, and the tears of Luisella, for the position of those rebels became every day more horrible and more dangerous.

‘We were then in the beginning of the winter of 1810 : it was a frightful time for Calabria. The war of partisans which was kept up, in spite of all the measures of King Joachim, by a few men devoted to Ferdinand, and some bands of convicts sent on purpose from Sicily by England, had become in the end a bloody series of massacres. French soldiers could no longer travel singly, or in small bands, without falling, at the turn of a path, or at the foot of a ravine, mortally struck by the shot or the dagger of those brigands. Every thing aided that atrocious war : the hatred of the inhabitants against the French, the imprudence of the latter, the very nature of the country,

full of precipices and mountains, and intersected in all directions by the narrowest passes and the deepest forests.

‘Murat, exasperated to see that he lost in this manner a great number of his bravest men, to put an end to it named General Manhes commander of the Calabrese provinces, with unlimited powers. Manhes acted with promptitude and decision. He established his headquarters in Cosenza, about ten leagues from Martorano; then, by vigorous attacks, he drove back nearly all the rebels to the forests of Scilla and Saint Euphemia.

‘That first success obtained, he calculated that the bandits, having taken refuge in the woods, in the midst of winter, could hardly live there, and that if they could exist, it would be necessary that they should come for provisions to the farms or villages, or that supplies should be taken to them from thence. He then enacted that every man or woman who should be found carrying bread or other provisions to the fields, should immediately be shot; that the *sicarera* guards, (the native militia,) sent in pursuit of these brigands, and coming back to town before the last of them should either be taken or killed, should immediately be shot; that every syndic having in his parish a certain number of men ‘*in the field*,’ and not having, after one notice succeeded in delivering up to him, dead or alive, the exact number of those men, should immediately be shot. It is useless to say, that the village under the jurisdiction of those unfortunate syndics was to be invested, burnt, levelled to the ground, and the inhabitants put to the sword.

‘Such was the state of things, such were the terrible measures that spread terror over the whole country, and which Luisella related to me with tearful eyes, pale cheeks, and a voice broken by sobs. In pursuance of the strategical plans of General Manhes, two companies of mounted riflemen came to Martorano. They were commanded by Captain Goguillot; among his officers, the one he was the fondest of, was Lieutenant Albéric d’Offanges.

‘Albéric was hardly twenty-two years old: he was handsome, and in his bright looks, in the smile of his rather sensual lips, it would have been impossible to discover the least sign of cruelty. Sometimes while watching over my herd, near the road which led from Martorano to my master’s farm, I used to see Albéric passing on horseback, with his proud eye, his flexible figure, full of youthful grace and vigor. Was it hatred to the oppressors of my country? was it envy to see him so brilliant and so handsome, compared to me, a poor herdsman, as slighted as my goats? was it a presentiment? I know not: all that I know is, that I hated Albéric.

‘Three months elapsed in this way, and spring was beginning to change the color of our woods and hills. My meetings with Luisella

became more rare, for such was the fear inspired by that iron yoke, that Antonio had forbidden me to remain away from the farm. During the moments that I could steal away to spend with Luisella, I hardly dared to question her about her father: I only knew that he was not yet arrested.

'Soon after, in those brief meetings, she seemed to me less loving and less affectionate than before. I understood her sadness, but not her coldness. Her eyes, when turned on me, had lost their calmness and their confidence. I addressed her a few questions; it was easy for her to deceive me by answering that all affection and all hope were forbidden to her while her father was exposed to such great dangers. One day, becoming more exacting as I began to fear that I was loved less, I told Luisella that from the moment I had seen her, I had felt that I could never have any other bride; that in the midst of our perils and misfortunes that sweet name would be a consolation, a support to her and to myself; and I asked her, according to our rustic customs, to make an exchange of rings. At those words I saw Luisella turn pale. She looked at me with an expression of mingled gratitude, emotion and regret; then withdrawing her hand, which I had taken in mine:

'When the war is over,' said she; 'now it would be a crime.'

'If I had not been so young, if I could have reflected, perhaps I would have asked myself how, in spite of the severe measures and the strict orders of Manhes and his officers, Tiodoro Mileto, the father of Luisella, had not yet been taken. I never thought of being astonished at it, and the refusal of the young girl made me sad without exciting my suspicions.

'Two months more elapsed: it was the end of May, and with the fine weather the pursuit of the bandits had become more active. I saw Luisella less and less; she was hardly ever in her hut, compelled, as she said to me, to remain during several weeks in the forest of Saint Euphemia, to carry provisions to Tiodoro.

'One morning, carried away by my anxiety and my love, I had come closer to the verge of the wood than was allowed by my master Antonio. I saw a white form which disappeared and then showed itself again through the bushes and the trees. I went forward; it was Luisella.

'He is starving!' said she.

'Her eyes were on fire; her hand was burning with fever. I made no answer: I hastily went back to the farm, took secretly two large loaves of bread, and the remainder of a leg of mutton; then coming back toward Luisella, I told her to inform me where I could find her father. Born in the country, accustomed from infancy to hunt for thrushes and ring-doves, I knew all the windings of the forest.

‘No,’ said Luisella, ‘give it to me; I will take him these provisions.’

‘I went for them,’ said I, ‘and I have the right to carry them. Do you forget, Luisella, that there is peril for one’s life?’

‘I thought that what I said was only natural and simple: but Luisella made a motion to throw herself at my feet. She looked at me with an air of admiration and tenderness that I had never before seen in her, and which threw a radiance over her beauty.

‘Paolo,’ she whispered, do you still wish to be my betrothed?’

My answer was to fall on my knees before her; she too knelt down, and we exchanged rings. After which, rising up with the agility of a gazelle, Luisella said to me:

‘Go on, Paolo, I will follow you.’

‘I could not prevent her from accompanying me in that dangerous excursion, and I was so happy to find myself near her, to bind her to me by perils shared together, that I could not send her back. It was an eventful day, filled alternately with keen and sweet emotions, where youth and love mingled their magic with our grief. Never was there a finer and more radiant spring day. Sometimes, when the bushes became too thick, when we came to some deep ravine, Luisella leaned on me; I felt her arm trembling with the beating of my heart, and I prayed God at that moment that our ramble might last forever. After four hours’ march, we came to a hollow rock which escaped notice, owing to a thicket of bushes and wild vines which twined round a copse of evergreens, and which was called San Antonello. There it was that Tiodoro awaited his daughter. She explained to him who I was, and the service I had rendered her. He looked at me with a scowl, and seizing on the provisions with famished avidity:

‘So it is he,’ said he to Luisella, ‘who will be the cause of my death!’

‘I could not understand the meaning of those words. She blushed, and he continued:

‘I have not eaten a morsel for three days; three days since I was obliged to leave the farm of Gemigliano, where I was so comfortable. What causes the change? Whose fault is it?’

‘Luisella cast down her eyes without answering. Though the complaints of the brigand were enigmas to me, the expression of his face, the sound of his voice, the sinister fire of his look, all made me shudder.

‘Good-by, father,’ at last said Luisella; ‘Paolo must go back to his herd. I shall come again the day after to-morrow.’

‘Tiodoro looked at me again in the threatening way that had already chilled my heart: then, dropping the hand which his daughter had held out to him:

‘Till we meet again, Luisella! Good-by, Paolo,’ said he to us.

‘Coming back, we were sad and silent; Luisella held down her head, and did not take my arm again; for my part, I dared not ask her any questions, though many hovered on my lips. When we came to the skirts of the wood, I conquered my emotion, and whispered to my bride :

‘Luisella, what did your father mean?’

‘Paolo, if you love me, never ask me,’ she answered, sobbing; then left me hastily.

‘On my return to my master’s farm, I underwent a sharp reprimand for my long absence, and for having taken the provisions. However, notwithstanding his stinginess and cowardice, Antonio was an honest man: I might be beaten, but I was sure not to be denounced. So, three days after, as I was going out with my herd, my astonishment was great when I found myself arrested by four carabinieri, under the imputation, they said, of having taken provisions to a man ‘*in the field.*’ I did not attempt denial; besides, of what avail would it have been? Under the dictatorship of General Manhes, to be arrested was equivalent to being tried, and to be tried was to be condemned.

‘I was taken to Martorano, riding behind one of the carabinieri. We had hardly arrived, when some other soldiers brought from the surrounding farms and hamlets about thirty other prisoners, guilty, like myself, of having fed the rebels, or being suspected of it. We were all tried together, and if there are countries where justice is tardy, I can assert that our trial was free from that reproach. In the space of a minute every thing was concluded — examination, prosecution, summing up, judgment and condemnation. We had for judge, Captain Goguillot, aid-de-camp to Manhes, and three other officers, one of whom was Albéric d’Offanges. My thirty fellow-sufferers were all unanimously condemned to be shot during the day. For myself alone there was a rather singular exception. Goguillot and his first lieutenant found me guilty; Albéric withdrew, and the third officer, who appeared to be his friend, said a few words about my extreme youth, and voted for my acquittal.

‘But as the withdrawing of Albéric reduced the number of my judges to three, two of whom had voted for my death, I was not the less positively condemned to be executed like the others.

‘When we were led away, I noticed that Albéric turned away his head, and avoided meeting my glances. It was decided that we should be shot precisely at five.

‘I entreat you, Lionel,’ said Captain Garbas, interrupting himself, ‘not to think that I take pleasure in narrating a melodrama at a moment as solemn and as grave as this. The fact I am going to relate to you is positively true. One of your poets has said, I believe, that truth is sometimes improbable: I will add that from my lips, and

at such an instant, the very improbability of my narrative is a proof of its truth. This being settled, I resume my recital :

‘At a few minutes before five we were beyond Martorano, close to the farm where I had spent my boyhood. The weather was so fine, the air so pure, that I could see on the horizon the dark forest of St. Euphemia ; I thought that Luisella was behind one of its large trees, and I thanked God to have allowed, at the moment of my death, my looks to embrace all that I had loved. We were placed on a line, at the farthest end of a wheat-field, along which ran a long ditch, so that as we fell, our bodies would be received in that grave dug beforehand. The day after, a few shovelsful of earth were to complete our burial, and it was burial enough for rebels and bandits.

‘We were all courageous and resolute, as is always the case with men reduced to despair. We begged to have our faces uncovered, and that favor was granted to us. The carabineers dismounted and cocked their rifles : a non-commissioned officer ordered ‘Fire!’ I do not know whether one of our executioners fired before the others, and whether his shot reaching my right-hand neighbor, the latter made for me, as he fell, a rampart with his body : the fact is, that at the moment of the platoon firing, I felt, instead of the death that I expected, a heavy and inert mass weighing down on me and carrying me to the bottom of the ditch ; two other bodies fell at the same time on my right and on my left, and I found myself entirely covered. I heard a few feeble groans, then a dead silence followed. After that, our executioners went away, and I remained in that strange situation, half-smothered by those corpses which had saved my life, and not daring to move.

‘You will easily believe that minutes appeared hours to me : however, being a herdsman, accustomed to live in the fields, I had pretty well learned to reckon the hours. About three hours after, I thought the sun might be set : I raised myself a little, and found that in reality night was approaching. At the same time, I heard steps proceeding toward the ditch, and two men’s voices mingling with the sound of those steps. I threw myself back under the funeral rampart that protected me ; soon after I fancied that the two pedestrians were on the border of the ditch, and the following dialogue reached my ears :

‘“O Albéric ! Albéric ! I never would have expected this from you !”

‘That voice and the name of Albéric made me start : I recognized the voice of the officer who had voted for my acquittal.

‘“You are right, Fernand ; I am a miserable wretch,” replied Albéric ; “but what would you have me do ! I am passionately in love with that young girl, who has used me as a tool for so long a time, and who made me disobey the Captain’s orders. For a smile, for a glance of Luisella, I have forgotten all and betrayed my trust : I have

protected the place of retreat of her father, of that Tiodoro, one of the most execrable rascals of whom we have to deliver Calabria. How can you be astonished, after that, that I have witnessed, without regret, the death of that young shepherd, the last obstacle between Luisella and myself! Fernand, I am bewitched!

“You speak the truth, and I must believe you, for that foolish passion has not only made you forgetful of your duty, rebellious to discipline, eager to attain your purpose, even on the grave of an innocent? Has it not also made you forget other affections, other ties, and other promises?”

“Henrietta!” exclaimed Albéric, with anguish.

“Yes, Henrietta de Montmeillan! that angelic girl, affianced to you by her family and by your own! Henrietta, whom, when you left, you called your guardian angel, and whose sweet image had sustained you up until now, in the midst of our fatigues and our perils. Ah! you are no longer worthy of her: the guardian angel may take her flight toward heaven, for an evil genius now possesses you entirely.”

“Fernand, spare me for pity’s sake! No, I have not forgotten Henrietta; I have not ceased to love: at this very moment I have with me her likeness and her letters, sweet talismans which protect me. But, I repeat it, if we could believe in the *jettature*, I would think that Luisella had thrown a spell over me. I love *her* without ceasing to love Henrietta — it is another sort of love, a fever which burns and consumes me. Fernand, in me there are two beings — one, generous, honest, chivalrous, true to his friends and to his country, in short, the betrothed of Henrietta; the other, the slave of a guilty passion, not to be deterred either by folly or by crime, and it is the latter who is speaking to you now!”

“But after all, what do you intend to do?”

“I will tell you all. Five months ago, you know, I met with Luisella. I loved her, and without returning my love, she kept me constantly in suspense between hope and doubt; and has succeeded in using me as the instrument of her father’s safety, obtaining from me an order for my men, in their rounds, to spare the farm of Gemigliano, where Tiodoro was concealed. Things went on that way till Saturday last. That day I met Luisella half-way to Martorano; never had she appeared to me so beautiful! I complained of her harshness, but she answered me with indifference; then, dissatisfied and exasperated with jealousy, I told her that I was not her dupe; that she still loved the young shepherd with whom she pretended to have quarrelled; that they had been seen together; that an officer of carabineers was not to be slighted by any girl for a young herdsman; and that I gave her notice to have her father quit the farm of Gemigliano, because I

was going to have it searched. What do you think she answered? 'Do as you please, I disengage you from your word,' and she kept on her way with an air of pride that would have become a queen. The day after, in the morning, I learned that her father had left Gemigliano.'

'Well?'

'Oh! then I was able to satisfy myself that virtuous bandits and brigands, watchful guardians of good faith and of family honor, were of pure invention, for this is what that infamous Tiodoro has done. As he found himself much less comfortable in his concealment at St. Euphemia than in the farm of Gemigliano, he notified his daughter yesterday that she must oppose my flame no longer, and that she must, on the other hand, dismiss in earnest her loving herdsman. Luisella wept a great deal, but her worthy father was inexorable: he has threatened her to deliver himself up to Captain Goguillot, and the poor child, struck with terror by that threat, has promised every thing. Tiodoro is reinstalled, since last evening, in Gemigliano; and Luisella is to receive me to-night at mid-night.'

'And the poor young herdsman?'

'Also the work of Tiodoro, my friend. Foreseeing with infernal shrewdness that that young rustic would be an obstacle between Luisella and myself, and not caring to be obliged to fly again to the depths of the forest, there to die of hunger, the worthy brigand sent notice to the Captain yesterday that young Paolo had the day before taken provisions to one of the most dangerous rebels, and that he could be found at the farm of Antonio Paëse. Thence his arrest, his condemnation, and his execution.'

'And does Luisella know that Paolo has been shot?'

'Yes; and that is the strangest part of this event. In spite of the horror and disgust with which Tiodoro inspires me, I saw him an instant last night. He had given me an appointment near the farm, to speak to me about *the business* which concerns me. It appears that Luisella is passionately fond of me, but that she strove against that love, struggling with her own heart, clinging with a sort of desperate fervor to her first affection for Paolo. Her wish was to use her fondness for her poor herdsman, as a protection, as a safeguard against me. Fernand, a thought has crossed my mind: it is that by a singular coincidence, Luisella must have for Paolo the same feeling as the one inspired to me by Henrietta de Montmeillan; a sort of brotherly friendship, a quiet and pure tenderness, which would have sufficed her if she had not met with me, and with which I should have been satisfied, if I had not known her.'

'Well?'

'Well! the customs of this infernal country are very different from

ours. In France, the death of Paolo would have been an eternal obstacle between Luisella and me. Here it is quite the contrary; had he lived, he would have separated us forever, for, to be more certain of remaining true to him, Luisella had affianced herself to him. Owing to his death, I now hope, unless indeed his shade should come and interfere between her and me.'

'And shall you go to-night to her house?'

'I shall, and she will not refuse to admit me; she fears too much for her father! I expect to meet with sobs and tears, but no matter; I love her and I am loved by her.

'And are you certain that no snare, no ambush —'

'Oh! I am perfectly secure. The firing of this evening will keep down the night-marauders for a week at least. Beside, Luisella's hut is not very far in the forest. At mid-night, three claps of my hands, her window will open, and with a bound I shall be with her.'

'And do n't you wish me to accompany you?'

'O Fernand!' said Albéric with a reproachful tone.

'Those words were the last I could hear: the two officers moved away, and soon after even the sound of their steps was lost in the silence and darkness of the night. I need not tell you what passed in me during that conversation: all the incidents that I had hardly been able to comprehend, Luisella's confusion, her alternate coldness and tenderness, the language of Tiodoro, my arrest, Albéric's perplexity about condemning or discharging me, every thing appeared suddenly to me in a new light, still more terrible and more cruel than suspicion and doubt. While Albéric was speaking, jealousy, grief, hatred, and anger overwhelmed me; but, at the same time, it seemed to me that the wonderful chance that had preserved me from inevitable death was preparing a revenge for me.

'When I could hear no more, I half-raised myself out of my dismal concealment: night had come, and looking at the stars, I reckoned that it must be near ten o'clock. I had precisely the time necessary for the accomplishment of my plans. I extricated myself entirely from the corpses that surrounded me, came out of the ditch, and gliding along the bushes, reached the forest of Saint Euphemia. There was no moon; the night was dark, though starry; I only could see a few steps before me: it was precisely what I needed.

'I made out the path that led to Luisella's hut; I took it with a sort of rage, clearing bogs and bushes. Twenty minutes after, I could see through the trees a small and rather dim light, which however served me as a guide. Ah! what would I not have given if that light, which indicated to me, through distance and darkness, Luisella's window, had been lighted for me! What rage when I thought that this was the signal to admit Albéric to my bride! — but that rage made me

strong, and I went speedily on. I was soon under the window. Luisella, dressed in black, was kneeling at the farthest end of the room, at the foot of a rude figure of the Virgin, such as are found in all the houses of my country: the light I had observed at such a distance was under the figure. The noise I made when leaping into the room did not disturb Luisella, and I could look at her without her knowing me: she was praying.

‘Luisella,’ said I, in a low voice.

‘A shriek of terror issued from her breast: she turned, saw me, and standing erect against the wall, with a wild look, her lips perfectly livid and pale as death. ‘His ghost! his ghost!’ she exclaimed with horror.

‘Not the ghost, but the avenger!’ said I, touching her with my burning hand.

‘A few minutes of stupor and anguish elapsed, during which neither Luisella nor myself had the power of uttering a sound. At last, dragging herself toward me on her knees, and clinging to me, she said to me: ‘Is it you, Paolo? or is it your phantom?’

‘It is I,’ replied I, ‘whom God has saved from certain death, to use my arm as the instrument of punishment and vengeance!’

‘To punish, to avenge! Ah! you speak the truth: I am guilty; I have deceived you; I ought to have confessed all to you; I ought to have told you to what I was compelled, for my father’s safety.’

‘Ah!’ I replied, with a bitter smile, ‘that filial piety is quite touching, but Tiodoro, I am sure, would not have found you so courageous, so determined to save him, had not his safety depended on a handsome officer whom you love, and whom you are awaiting.’

‘For mercy’s sake, Paolo! spare me, forgive me!’

‘No! no mercy! no forgiveness! Had *he* any pity when he killed me? — had you any yourself, when you allowed me to die? What had I done to you, that you should thus torture me? I have loved you as one loves who is alone in the world, and who meets with a being he adores, on whom he concentrates his heart, hope, youth, life and soul! For you I would have defied a thousand deaths! Three days ago, it was with delight that I disobeyed Manhe’s terrible laws, because it was for you and with you that I faced that peril: this evening, when twenty guns were directed toward me, when those formidable weapons threatened to annihilate me, it was of you and you alone that I thought! Your beloved name was yet on my lips, my eyes sought on the horizon the place of your home; I was almost happy to die, for I thought I felt in my death itself an embrace of our mutual love! And you, you were even then bestowing your heart on another; on a Frenchman, an officer for whom you are only the caprice of a day, the fancy of an hour! Your hand, which still bore our be-

trothal-ring, was pressing that cruel and perfidious hand, bargaining for your father's safety! What was I to you? — a toy, to be played with and to be broken afterward; a poor herdsman, who might be deceived without remorse, and driven to despair without crime; a ground-worm, which the heel of the handsome officer might crush before you, without a cry issuing from your breast in the attempt to protect me. I was in the way of your amours — I was only fit to die!

‘Well, then, I love him,’ replied Luisella with sombre energy; ‘I love him to madness; and if that is a crime, strike me, Paolo, for I am guilty! I can neither explain nor understand myself, how that passion has by degrees engrossed my whole soul; how that man has fascinated me; how my gentle and pure tenderness for you has been effaced by his image! Yes, I love him: I am guilty, but I am not base. Albéric does not know to what extent I love him. What passed this morning, the treachery that betrayed you, the sentence by which you were condemned, the blow which was to strike you, I was ignorant of it all. My father has done the whole: it is he who announced to me a few hours ago your conviction and your death. Pitiless for my grief, for my remorse, he told me that he was lost, and that I was the cause, if I did not consent to admit Albéric this night.’

‘But here, Paolo, see!’ Luisella drew from her bosom a sharp and thin knife, and said to me, with an undeniable accent of truth and despair: ‘After your death I was no longer a thoughtless and deluded girl; I was a widow, mourning over her betrothed, over her husband; I clothed myself in black and knelt at the foot of the Virgin. Your memory and my prayers would have been an unconquerable barrier between Alberic and myself; and had he wished to overleap it, this knife would have done justice.’

‘On him?’ I inquired in a low voice.

‘No, on myself!’ she replied with a shudder.

‘In that case,’ I explained, taking hold of the knife, ‘that avenging weapon will change its destination, for it will strike Albéric: it is mid-night, and he will soon be here.’

‘Luisella, who had risen, fell again at my feet: ‘Oh! I beseech you, I entreat you,’ said she, in a voice broken by sobs, ‘any thing but that! Kill me, crush *me*, but not Albéric! See, Paolo, I understand you; you require a victim. Oh! yes; you have been grossly outraged; you have been betrayed, and a miracle alone has saved your life; but not Albéric! Listen: what I have said just now is not true. I wanted to move you, I wanted to save myself, coward that I am; but it is not true: Albéric is not guilty. I have done all, told all, resolved all. I am a wretch, strike me, kill me, but not Albéric!’

‘She writhed at my feet. ‘How much you love him!’ said I coldly.

‘She understood that I was inexorable; then, drawing away from

me, and clinging with anguish to the image of the Virgin: 'Virgin of forgiveness and mercy,' said she, 'let him not come!'

'God of justice and vengeance!' I exclaimed, 'grant that he may appear!'

'At that moment the clock of Martorano struck twelve. The weather was so calm that, in spite of the distance, the vibrations of the clock reached distinctly where we stood. At the same instant we heard a faint rustling in the foliage a short distance from the hut.

'Do you hear?' said I, whispering in Luisella's ear.

'It is the evening breeze coming through the leaves,' said she, shuddering.

'It is Albéric, and there is the signal!' I answered.

'He had just clapped his hands thrice. Luisella sprang to the light in order to extinguish it. With one hand I thrust her aside, and with the other I raised the lamp as high as the window. We heard a sound of approaching foot-steps; I kept close to the partition; a moment after, Albéric leaped over the sill and sprang into the room. I moved forward, and he saw me.'

What farther occurred, will appear in an ensuing chapter.

MY NEIGHBOR BAWN.

BY GEORGE H. THROOP.

I.

NEIGHBOR BAWN lives o'er the way,
Every body knows;
You may see him, any day,
Dressed in borrowed clothes;
The vest and coat are mine,
And that ruffled shirt, so fine,
Is another one, of nine,
Missing from our line.

II.

Ninety dollars have I lent
To my neighbor BAWN;
And he's sure to borrow more,
When that ninety's gone;
He has such taking ways,
When he wants to 'make a raise,'
And he gives me — when he pays,
Notes, at ninety days.

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III.

There's my pony, o'er the way,
Harnessed for a ride;
And my neighbor has, to-day,
Madam by his side.
The horse and chaise are mine,
And they've borrowed cake and wine,
And I've sent enough for nine,
With a civil line.

IV.

He has borrowed my cravat —
Would it were but one!
With my over-coat and hat,
And my dog and gun:
And then, there's Mistress BAWN,
With my wife's best bonnet on,
And, by Jove! — the Baby's gone
With my neighbor BAWN.

THEROUE'T'S CONVERSION.

I.

OLD THEROUE'T lay dying
In the town of Montreal,
His hatchet beside him lying,
His rifle against the wall.

II.

Beside him the Jesuit Father
Whispered the words of peace,
Prayed him to turn to JESUS
E'er his soul should find release.

III.

For he through all his life-time
Had held to his simple creed,
Nor turned from the faith of his fathers,
Now in his hour of need.

IV.

Slowly the sun sank lower,
And the great stream rolling on,
Ran yellow as melted amber,
As the sunset lights came down.

V.

The chieftain's breath grew fainter,
And dimmer his large black eye,
But firm in the faith of his fathers,
He laid him down to die.

VI.

More earnest the Jesuit Father
Poured forth the holy word,
And bade him, ere hope was over,
To turn to CHRIST the LORD.

VII.

Then answered the chieftain steady,
'The white man's CHRIST for him;
But the Indian's God for the Indian ;'
And his eyes were glazed and dim

VIII.

As they turned to the burning sunset,
Where lay the 'homeward way,'
To the MASTER of LIFE, the FATHER,
To whom his people pray :

IX.

The sun dropped lower and lower,
The day was nearly done,
The misty lights and shadows
Of the summer eve came on.

X.

Then lastly the Jesuit Father,
Of the SAVIOUR's death he told :
How HE, for sinful mortals,
By traitors was bought and sold :

XI.

How mocked the cruel people,
When the LORD was crucified ;
And how HE prayed, 'Forgive them !'
And for His murderers died.

XII.

Once more the light of battle
Burnt in the Indian's eye ;
Once more his long brown arm he raised,
And whirled his hatchet high.

XIII.

'Dogs, and sons of dogs !' he cried,
'Had I but that way come,
I would have killed them every one,
And brought their scalps all home !'

XIV.

And back he sank on his pillow,
And word spake never more ;
For as the summer's sun went down,
His stormy life was o'er.

XV.

But they buried the dead in holy ground,
With priestly pomp and pride ;
For they said, in the faith of a Christian
Had the fierce old war-chief died.

CARILL DEANE.

SIGNIFICANCE OF NEWSPAPER NAMES.

SHAKSPEARE propounds the interrogatory, 'What's in a name?' The object of the inquiry could not have been to acquire information, for he immediately proceeds to state that a rose by any *other* name would smell as sweet. Names *do* possess not only 'perfumes,' but tangible properties, capable of inciting likes and dislikes, admiration and disgust; and much of the active capital of the brain frequently is invested so as to secure a *name* that shall yield the largest increase of the passive capital of the pocket. And no where would he have found a quicker recognition of this fact than among the fraternity of publishers and proprietors of the newspapers and literary periodicals of the world. So well are *they* apprised of the value of this truth, that the best inventive genius and suggestive wit are brought to bear in the production of a 'name' with which to catch the public eye, as the first and most important step in every new enterprise; as the label is supposed to indicate the contents or character of the package. Yes, indeed! There *is* much in a 'name' that shall 'take' with the masses, whose favorable attention it is so essential to enlist. How many of the names of the newspapers printed in the English language were so significant when first adopted that their duplicates are to be found wherever the language is spoken!

Disclaiming any intention of being invidious, let us see what mental visions some of the newspaper-names in most general use were calculated to inspire when first offered to the notice of the public. I do not propose to refer to them with special regard to the order of time in which they appeared, nor with any reference to the relative position to which they have attained; but take them up, as I find them, from my basket of collections.

Here is the 'COURIER AND ENQUIRER,' most significant and striking in the days of 'Auld Lang Syne,' when a courier was the swiftest medium that could possibly be employed between the office of the publisher and the non-resident subscriber. In the days of the 'slow coach,' when the name of courier suggested the apparition of a vigorous youth mounted upon a rapid pony, with a well-secured port-manteau, flying from village to village with the latest intelligence; and the picture of a mature and thoughtful gentleman making earnest and searching inquiries into the state of the weather, the range of the political thermometer, the price of cotton, and the prospects of a war in Europe. Do not the superior advantages of the subscriber to such a paper, where the result of this continuous searching inquiry is so quickly transmitted, readily appear over those of his neighbor, who

must needs wait for the arrival of the slow coach, retarded by its freight of passengers, trunks, band-boxes, and occasional break-downs! Truly this is indicative of a spirit of enterprise and regard for the interests of newspaper readers worthy of encouragement.

But here comes the 'TRAVELLER.' This must be a gentleman who has not suffered concealment like a worm in the bud to feed on *his* damask cheek; or the moss to grow upon the north side of him; nor the spiders to weave their webs around his stationary editorial chair, while waiting for his list of exchanges and his 'Local' to complete his catalogue of 'Calamities.' No, *Sir!* He has been after *his* information for the people, and can testify from personal observation, to the correctness of his facts and figures. No pent-up Utica contracts *his* powers, but the whole boundless continent is within reach of his subscribers at the remarkably low price of two dollars per annum. Then it is such a pleasant entertainment for the home-tied reader to receive the glowing description, amusing anecdote, thrilling adventure, absorbing narrative, incontrovertible facts and sage conclusions from 'one who *knows*.'

But who is this? The 'PATRIOT AND STATESMAN.' How refreshing and encouraging to be visited weekly by such a consolidation of characters; a combination we all so much admire, yet so seldom see. It is worth more than the price of subscription to keep in the family, before the eyes of our children, as positive proof of the continued existence of each, and the compatibility of both. It will be such an admirable connecting link between the fading past and the uncertain future. Pray, Mr. Publisher, what are your terms for twenty years? for, by God's blessing, by the expiration of that term, we may develop the plastic youthful material now on hand, and furnish the country with a few duplicates. Our community propose to secure for you an honorary membership in the 'Scientific and Benevolent Association,' for the careful research and noble effort manifested in thus securing a living specimen of a character which they had feared only adorned the past.

What new candidate for popular favor have we here? 'THE TIMES.' Ancient times or former times, hard times or future times? No, it is *The Times*. Surely, Mr. Publisher, you must intend to give us a daguerreotype likeness of the positive present. You doubtless expect to follow immediately in the wake of old Father Time himself, giving us accurate pictures of the accompanying scenes and multiplicity of events which attend his daily progress. You must have made arrangements to 'catch the shadow ere the substance fades,' and give us a continuous *fac-simile* of the whole range of current events upon either continent. You have undoubtedly secured a firm grip in the forelock of the old gentleman, which you intend to hold through all

sorts of weather, as you pursue your laudable enterprise, that your readers may know 'how the times wag' in every latitude; and perhaps by thus keeping in such close proximity, a confidence may be inspired in the bosom of the venerable patriarch which will induce him in some of his cheerful moments to give you, as an addition to his public and completed works, some inkling of his 'hidden secrets;' at all events, by constantly watching his movements you can predict future developments with considerable certainty. But let me take my basket and step out and address the multitude:

Ahem! — Ladies and Gentlemen: Having been resolved into a committee of the whole upon the state of your literary wants, with power to supply them, I beg leave most respectfully to report. Permit me to premise that I am aware that the audience which I have the honor of addressing represents a great variety of literary tastes and business wants. I am also aware that you possess a commendable fondness for the productions of the newspaper press of the country. You are doubtless fully apprised of the praiseworthy efforts that are constantly making in every department of newspaper and periodical literature to meet the requirements of your rapidly-increasing literary appetites. Your committee, in the discharge of his duties, now proceeds to offer you the result of his labors:

For such of you as prefer light to darkness, I have obtained the 'SUN.' It requires no special pleading to convince you of its claims to your favorable notice. Even while you sleep is it not burnishing its rays, to dazzle you with the glory of its rising? From what source can you procure an equal amount of genial, revivifying warmth? Where can commerce find a substitute to illumine its track, or agriculture for its quickening influence? What auxiliary so valuable in bringing to light the hidden secrets of science and of art? But why attempt to paint the sunbeam? Should an occasional cloud obscure its brightness, and render some of its passages dim, and should your jealous neighbor, who refuses to subscribe, (trusting that he will secure a few chance rays from those who do,) point out these opaque passages, and inquire with the air of successful criticism, 'What under the *sun* does this all mean?' you can coolly and truthfully inform him, 'that it means *nothing* under the Sun,' and 'that he must have been looking through smoked glass to discover its obscurities.' My friends, you may perhaps lie down to-night without it, but you will be pleased to find it upon your porch in the morning.

Those among you who reside in the rural districts, and have been obliged to bide the time of the semi-occasional mail, as it meanders slowly through your valleys, and up the steep acclivities of your mountains, will appreciate the labors of your committee in securing for you the 'EXPRESS.' Ah! my friends, here you have an institution

that 'runs on time,' in its regular visits to its subscribers. Here, you perceive, is a fine illustration of what capital and enterprise, stimulated by a just appreciation of the wants of the country, can create. Prepared to extend its advantages upon every thoroughfare, and throughout all the highways and by-ways of the land; freighted with the most rich and costly packages; bearing golden tributes from the great treasure-houses of the world; bidding defiance alike to thick darkness and the pitiless storm, it dashes on to accomplish its mission at the bidding of its patrons.

Of the necessities of you gentlemen of the commercial and business world, you will perceive your committee has not been unmindful, when I offer you those indispensable auxiliaries of the counting-room, namely, the 'DAY-BOOK,' the 'JOURNAL,' and the 'LEDGER.' You remember, gentlemen, that 'order is heaven's first law,' and that system, the kinsman of order, should be the maxim of every businessman: but how can this be obtained in the absence of either of these publications? You observe I offer them in the set, deeming them all indispensable; but your committee obtained them from different sources: all the energies of an entire editorial corps being concentrated upon each respectively, such was the consideration entertained for your requirements, so that you can procure them separately. What less can you expect in a Day-Book than the current transactions of the world, as they were jotted down at the time of their occurrence, with copious notes and marginal explanations fully elucidating the text? In the Journal we expect to find all the facts and figures pertaining to business transactions clearly and handsomely inscribed, with day and date given with the utmost accuracy; and the Ledger must certainly be 'at home' upon every subject; a perfect business encyclopædia. Are you not convinced that you would be sadly behind the age without them?

Pardon me, ladies, for not sooner offering something for your more especial entertainment. Do not for a moment suppose that your committee has neglected your wants, or been unmindful of your just claims upon the publishing fraternity.

The first periodical that I find among my collection is the 'LADIES' REPOSITORY.' What could be more charmingly adapted to please the fancy of the general lady reader than such a title? Synonymous with 'general store-house,' you can undoubtedly look in it with confidence to find choice selections and contributions from Hannah More, Miss Bremer, Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Sigourney, etc., etc.; a treatise on house-keeping, with a few hundred recipes for cooking; instructions in dress-cutting; the course of true love, with a chart of its devious windings; illustrated with numerous notes from prolific writers; interspersed with ditties, ballads, acrostics, fashion-plates,

and the duties, rights, immunities and attributes of the sex generally, most fully elaborated and set to music. Indeed, what may we *not* expect to find of an interesting character in a periodical intended to please all classes of lady-readers, as its name would seem to indicate? I have no doubt, also, that contributions are invited from such of you as wish to immortalize yourselves, astonish your friends, and amuse or instruct your readers. I leave this alone with you, and that irrepensible incentive, your curiosity, and risk the result.

Once more, gentlemen: who among you will not recognize in this over-reaching, under-handed, double-dealing, deceptive, fraudulent world of ours, the legitimate and undoubted claims of the straightforward honest 'PLAINDEALER'? It is not surprising that you open your eyes and mouth with astonishment: but such a character exists, and the paradoxical beauty of it is, that it is *for sale*. Ah! now you smile, and think your committee has himself been 'sold.' Far from it. The publisher merely proposes to sell you *copies*, while the original remains at home, daguerreotyping himself as rapidly as possible for the benefit of his friends and the public generally. What a character for contemplation! Did you ever see the picture of William Penn treating with the Indians? Have you seen any thing like it since in the history of the country? Look first on *that* picture, then on *this*.

To those among you with imperfect sight, or who, rejoicing in two sound eyes, can only look in *one* direction, I offer the 'ARGUS,' which never possessed less than a hundred eyes, and until recently was supposed to have only a fabulous existence; but as I exhibit it before you, its *actual* existence can no longer be questioned. Thus you perceive that you can look not only 'forty ways for Sunday,' but a hundred ways for every day in the week. What individual or combination of individuals can possibly circumvent you in any affair of business, politics, or love, while your interests are guarded by a hundred watchful eyes? Nor is there danger of your finding yourselves in any dilemma but what you can see out. Does it not especially commend itself to the ladies? What penetrating glances could they not bring to bear when converging their visual power to one focus? The name suggests a thousand fancies, but I must not longer dwell upon it.

With special reference to the wants of those among you who possess ample leisure and educated tastes, who would desire to take a comprehensive survey of the literary field, who would see upon whom the dissecting-knife is unsparingly used, and to whose lips the sweet waters of commendation were offered, I have obtained the 'REVIEW.' You cannot for a moment suppose that a *reviewer* would give any thing but a just report of his discoveries; or that a spirit of envy, jealousy, or spite would distort his criticism; or that he was not abundantly

qualified to comprehend, analyze, weigh out, pack up, and label with price and quality each and every production upon all subjects, however abstruse, complicated or profound. To doubt that, would be to doubt the modest reviewer's dearest prerogative. I have no doubt, gentlemen, that you can soon acquire from it the use of keen satire, embalmed wit, the language of pointed criticism, and savory, delicate approval, which will give to your countenances a mingled expression of sagacity, self-complacency, and a magnanimous recognition of the existence of your less favored fellow-citizens.

There is still a want which you expect your committee to supply. You would fain anticipate coming events, that you may not be unprepared to meet them. You would like some note of warning upon the approach of danger, or, when it surrounds you, some cheering harbinger of coming safety. Such a forerunner has been provided; but as it is the peculiar province and duty of this acquisition to blow its own trumpet, I will not longer indulge in the language of eulogy, but announce to you the 'HERALD.' Examine your 'Unabridged' and you will find the office and duties of this 'institution' clearly defined. Expect then to be occasionally startled by a warning blast, and anon lulled into quiet by its tones of peace.

It has been said by some profound original writer, that 'novelties never cease,' (how different from the times of Solomon, when neither the young nor old ever had any thing new under the sun!) and your committee in pursuing his investigations among the purveyors of cheap but wholesome literary food, happily discovered a pleasing exemplification of this truth. He found that while the great mass of the proprietors of newspapers and periodicals were confining their efforts to the issuing of the products of the pen, a few wide-awake gentlemen were, in the preparation of each issue, bringing into requisition the pencil of the artist, and the skill of the engraver, conjointly with the pen of the ready-writer, thus furnishing, as it were, a double picture upon the same page, which, when completed, they called the '*Illustrated*,' which I now exhibit before you. How clear and full of meaning the title, *Illustrated*. Your committee of the whole, while making a few pertinent inquiries of these wide-awake gentlemen, suddenly found himself fully explained, or as they have it, illustrated with a wood-cut. I would have you dwell for a moment upon the pleasing visions which the subject suggests. Does a steamboat explosion take place upon any of our lakes or rivers, how delightful to receive a copy of the '*Illustrated*' in time to see the victims coming down, especially if one has friends on board, that he may know the probabilities of their alighting right side up, and whether they are provided with life-preservers. Does a 'smash-up' on the rail-road, or the falling in of a block of occupied buildings occur, you have the calamity before

you, with a representation of all its details fully 'illustrated,' true to life and to death, before the coroner arrives on the ground. Does a popular orator electrify his audience, and charm the world with his eloquence, he, together with his speech and his audience, are speedily 'illustrated' and placed before you, and you witness the gestures that gave force to his utterance, while you peruse the lauded production. In short, what are *not* the possibilities of the 'Illustrated' in adding the charm of the picture to the delineations of the pen?

You will pardon me, my friends, for having kept you standing so long, and your committee will reserve the remaining contents of his basket for the present, hoping soon to be able to make a final report.

ITALIAN LOVERS: A FRAGMENT.

Soft babbling fell the silver fountain's spray;
 Riper the lemon paling in the sun;
 Fainter with joy the flowers, as the hot day
 Grew older, and his golden arms were flung
 About responsive earth, as earth begun
 To blush responding to intenser heaven.
 Some men on Nature's breast have never hung:
 He heeded not such charms — his wild thoughts riven
 Like waves that fear to kiss the shore on which they're driven.

A white plume flaunting from his cap of green,
 Fell light as foam falls from an emerald wave;
 Around his throat hung lace which might have been
 Wrought from such mazy spiders' feet as pave
 With toil their frail pavilions — silken, save
 Where velvet-slashed; his body-dress was bright,
 And girded with a sworded belt, which gave,
 Together, all the air of one whose light
 And gallant step proclaimed nobility his right.

And she who listened to his ardent speech
 Wore robes of solemn black, and her pale face —
 Womanly e'en to motherhood — might teach
 A soul to sympathize with grief whose trace
 Sainted her sorrowing brow, its resting-place.
 Each linked in conversation, slowly they
 A myrtle-shaded, winding pathway pace:
 Hot waxed their converse, and the rapid play
 Of question and response grows louder as they stray.

D I D E R Ô T .

DIDERÔT is one of those grand figures which stand boldly out in the picture of the eighteenth century. He holds a high place as an artist and philosopher in the history of art and of ideas. In his memory there is something at once grand and charming: his is the genius of paradox, the heroism of audacity and passion. On his shoulders he bears the nineteenth century as old Atlas bore the world. No one has ever thought of erecting a monument in his honor; but has he not a temple, an immortal temple, though now in ruins — the Encyclopædia whence issued the Revolution fully armed?

Born at Langres in 1713, Diderôt was descended from a race of honest men. He was the eldest of a large family, of which he was considered the black sheep, but of which he became the glory. He studied first with the Jesuits of his native village, who would willingly have retained him among them, but his father sent him to the College d'Harcourt at Paris. From that time he lived in the Paris of that time (1733-1743) the life of the young men of the age, trying every profession without deciding on any; reading, studying, devouring every thing with avidity; giving lessons in mathematics which he himself learned as he went along; promenading at the Luxembourg in summer, 'in a riding-coat of grey plush, with tattered sleeves, and black woollen hose, mended with white thread;' visiting Mademoiselle Babuti, the pretty book-seller of the *Quai des Augustins*, (who afterward became Madame Greuze,) entering her shop with that gay, lively air which then distinguished him, and saying to her: 'Mademoiselle, the 'Tales of La Fontaine,' if you please, a Petrona.' Such was Diderôt before his marriage, (a marriage of love, accomplished at the age of thirty,) and even after, leading that life of chance, expedients, of labor and of continual improvisation. His genius — for by no other name can we designate the greatness and the force of his different faculties — was so well adapted to this mode of life, that even now we do not know if he would have been fitted to any other, and we are tempted to believe that in thus diversifying his talents and applying himself to all things and to all occasions, he has best fulfilled his destiny.*

His great and individual work was the 'Encyclopædia.' As soon as the publishers, who conceived the first idea of it, had put their hand on him, they felt indeed that they had found their man, and from that moment the idea extended, took root and prospered. For nearly

* SAINTE BEUVE, *Causeries du Lundi*.

twenty-five years (1748-1772) Diderot was at first with D'Alembert, and then alone, the support, the column, the Atlas as it were of this enormous enterprise, under which we see him slightly bowed and bent, but ever serene and smiling. The 'History of Philosophy,' of which he there treats, at second-hand, it is true, the 'Description of the Mechanical Cuts,' in which he is more original, three or four thousand articles which are composed under his supervision, the charge and direction of the whole, cannot absorb or impair his vivacity of mind. Toward the end of his life, casting a retrograde glance over the past, he could not repress a sigh of regret, as he said: 'I know indeed many things, but there is scarcely a man who does not know some one thing better than I. This mediocrity in every thing is the result of an unbridled curiosity, and of a fortune so small that it has never permitted me to give myself entirely to any one branch of human knowledge. I have been obliged all my life to follow occupations to which I was not suited, and to leave those to which my tastes called me.' He has remarked, too, that in his native town of Langres the vicissitudes of the atmosphere are such, that in less than twenty-four hours they pass from the extreme of cold to that of heat, from fair to stormy weather, from drought to rain, and that this fickleness of climate influences the minds of the inhabitants. 'They are accustomed from their earliest childhood to turn at every wind; and the head of a Langrois is like the weather-cock on a church steeple, it is never fixed in one direction, and if it ever returns to that it has left, it is only to stop for a moment ere it is off again. As for myself, *I am of my country*; only a long residence in the capital and constant application have somewhat corrected me; I am constant in my tastes.' Constant in his tastes, it is true, but certainly extremely changeable in his impressions; and he says of his portrait painted by Michel Vanloo, in which he can with difficulty recognize himself: 'My children, I warn you, that it is not I. I had in one day a hundred different expressions, according as I was affected: I was serene, sad, dreamy, tender, violent, passionate, enthusiastic, but I was never such as you see me there.' And he adds, and it is of interest to know him as he was: 'I had a high forehead, very piercing eyes, rather large features, the head of an ancient orator, and a good nature, which bordered upon foolishness.*'

Let us then picture Diderôt such as he was in fact, according to the unanimous testimony of all his cotemporaries, and not as he has been painted by his artist friends, Vanloo and Greuze, who have more or less failed in their attempts — so much so indeed that the engraving made from the portrait of the latter is much more like Marmontel.

* SAINTE BEUVE, *Causeries du Lundi*.

Meister tells us that 'his brow was large and softly rounded, bearing the imposing impress of a vast, luminous and fertile mind.' Lavater, the physiognomist, thought he detected the traces of a timid character, and we may here remark, that though of bold and hardy mind, Diderôt was somewhat deficient in energy of character and action. 'The ensemble of the profile,' adds the same Meister, 'was distinguished by a manly beauty; the contour of the eyebrow was full of delicacy; the habitual expression of the eyes soft and feeling, but when excited full of fire. His mouth was an interesting mingling of delicacy, grace, and good-nature.' Such was the man who was never himself unless excited or roused, which indeed was easily and frequently the case, and then the port of his head was full 'of nobleness, energy, and dignity.' Those who have known Diderôt only by his writings, have not known him. He, so affable and open to all, feared the world, the *beau monde*; he could never accustom himself to the *salons* of Madame Geoffrin, of Madame du Deffand, of Madame Necker, and other beautiful dames. He sometimes appeared at them, but it was only for a moment. Madame d'Epinaï, aided by Grimm, took much trouble to familiarize him to her house, and indeed she merited success for her admiration of the man; but it was in vain. The Empress of Russia, the great Catherine, equally admired the philosopher for his superiority and good-nature; he visited her at Saint Petersburg, and sometimes treated her in conversation, as a comrade. 'Go on,' said she, as by chance she saw him hesitate at some liberty of expression, '*between men*, every thing is allowable.' But he was only at his ease in his society of familiar and intimate friends, and then he displayed in their full abundance his rich and powerful thoughts, enchanting all who listened. It was impossible to know him and not to love him.

His great work, as we have said, was the 'Encyclopædia:' its ruins will be piously admired by future ages, as the sacred remains of the Parthenon. When the architect is a great artist, the temple survives the worship of its god. The philosophy of Diderôt has fallen from its altar, but his temple will remain forever.*

Diderôt so far outstripped his brothers in arms that he could without surprise awake to-day among us. He was at once the commencement of Mirabeau, the first cry of the French Revolution, and the last word of all our beautiful dreams. He was the true revolutionist; in the tribune of 1789 he would have effaced Mirabeau and Danton, for when he was roused, for the worship of ideas, he had all the magnificence of the tempest. Not one of his books give an idea of his bold and entrancing eloquence.

* ARSENE HOUSSEY. 'Histoire du 41eme Fauteuil de l'Académie Française.'

His was the richest nature of the age. There was a truly olympian form in that fine head in which ideas rumbled like the mutterings of the storm. The other chiefs of that valiant army of the encyclopedists were there only to temper his ardor or to profit by his conquests. All, even Jean Jacques, were more occupied with the laurels than with the victory. Diderôt alone thought not of the laurels.

While Voltaire was reigning at Ferney, Diderôt reigned at Paris, recognized by kings, queens, and foreign princes, who wrote to him as to their equal, or who mounted the four pair of stairs which led to his lodgings as they would mount the steps of a throne.

A man worthy of glory in all ages, he was yet come in time: God had marked him with his fatal seal: the arms which he handled would have broken in his hands a century sooner or a century later. Above all else, he was the luminous sun of an age: his rays warmed every thing, illumined every thing, devoured every thing: the next day another sun appeared, but the bright rays and the fiery blows of the sun-Diderôt were still remembered. From his fruitful brain all his contemporaries derived their light and life. Where would have been d'Holbach, Helvetius, Grimm, Ledaine, and even D'Alembert, if Diderôt had not breathed upon their brow? Voltaire owes to him his last enthusiasm, Jean Jacques his first idea — the idea of all his life.

Strange nature! God had endowed him with all qualities, grandeur, enthusiasm, poesy, ideas gushing like lightning from the brain, sentiments which flourish in the heart like the lilies on the sacred shore: he was the man made after God's own image; the body was worthy of the soul; grace was joined to force; nothing was wanting, nothing, but God himself. The prodigal son had fled the paternal mansion without preserving a pious souvenir for the coming evil days.

Fénelon, that unconscious pantheist, that Christian so piously melancholy, who dreamed as his Eden an Isle of Calypso rather than a Paradise Lost, was the brother of Diderot, as Bayle was the brother of Voltaire; only Diderôt, lover of women and of art, poet by the eyes as well as by the heart, had his ideal in the visible world, while that of Fénelon is in the invisible world. Diderôt takes his point of departure from the earth — Fénelon from heaven; but they soon meet in the same love, in the same intelligence in which heart and soul will ever meet.

Diderôt has been the preface of all those who have followed him in politics, in philosophy, and in literature. Goethe himself has drank of the waters of that great mind, for has not Germany returned to France the *Neveu de Rameau*? In him alone there was more humor than in Sterne and Swift; he has written bad dramas, but he told Ledaine how to make good ones. *Jacques le Fataliste* is worth more and less than *Candide*. Had it not been for the 'Encyclopædia,'

which stifled his imagination, Diderôt would have been the Janus of romance! He loved the courtesans of Petronius, but he loved too, as much as Richardson, the chaste passions of Clarissa and Pamela. '*Ceci n'est pas un Conte*' contains the germ of all those tragedies of betrayed love on which our modern inventors live.

Diderôt loved painting and statuary, because he was a painter and a sculptor in his writings. His works on art are more than mere books: they are galleries of paintings. He was for the art of the eighteenth century what Winckelmann was for the antique — two suns whose rays will forever shine upon the '*Cruche Cassée*'* and the *Laocoön*.

He lived not for himself, but for his friends; it was for them he read, he reflected, and he wrote. In their absence he thought unceasingly for their happiness; to them he consecrated the use of all his senses and all his faculties; and for that very reason perhaps every thing is slightly exaggerated and enriched in his imagination and his discourse, for which they, the ingrates! would oftentimes reproach him. But we who are of his friends, at least of those of whom he thought confusedly as afar, and for whom he has written, we will not be ungrateful, and though we may regret to find too often that exaggeration of which he accuses himself, too little discretion and sobriety, and some license of manner and expression, yet we will render cheerful homage to his simplicity, to his sympathy, to the delicacy and richness of his views and thoughts, to the grandeur and suavity of his touches, and to the adorable freshness whose secret he has preserved throughout his incessant labor. For all of us Diderôt is a man good to study closely. He is the first great writer, in point of time, who decidedly belongs to the modern democratic society. He has shown us the way and the example, caring little whether or not he belonged to the Academy, but writing for the public, ever giving, never receiving, preferring rather to exhaust himself than to grow rusty — this was his device, and to the end he followed it with energy and devotion. And yet, through it all and perhaps unconsciously, he has known to preserve from all his scattered thoughts and works, some which were durable, and he teaches us how we may reach posterity, though it may be in ruins, even from the ship-wreck of each day.

A L B U M . L I T E R A T U R E .

AN ALBUM? — prithee what is It?
 A book like this I'm shown,
 Kept to be filled with others' wit,
 By persons who have none.

* 'The Broken Pitcher,' a painting by GREUZE, the friend of DIDERÔT.

R E S U R G A M .

A SMOOTH, white sea-side beach of glistening sand
 Lay in the moon-light like a satin band,
 Wound 'mid the tangled, foamy tresses of the sea.
 The heavy swell rolled with a weird monotony,
 Now washing drifts of sea-weed to my feet,
 Now sliding back, the new-formed wave to meet.

A rocky headland farther up the shore,
 Dashed back the huge waves with a sullen roar,
 And like a monstrous giant bared its brawny breast,
 As if to woo the mid-night moon-beams there to rest;
 And sparkling there, 'mid drops of briny spray,
 The placid light in silvery splendor lay.

Still, on the polished strand the surf beat time,
 And chanted to the night its mystic chime;
 And still each crested wave that washed up to my feet,
 Backward — but one step at a time — urged my retreat.
 My pride rebelled at such despotic sway,
 And yet, rebelling, I must needs obey.

I picked a piece of drift-wood from the beach,
 And when the next wave rolled within my reach,
 I cast it at my feet: one moment it was there —
 The next, I strained my anxious eyes to see it — where?
 Far out upon the bosom of the sea,
 It rose a moment — then was lost to me!

So, on the shore of Time's broad sea I stand,
 And watch the rising tide upon the strand,
 While each succeeding wave compels me to retreat,
 But one step backward — washing each time near my feet.
 One step toward eternity each day,
 I yield, rebelling, to this despot's sway.

And then, O God! Thy mighty hand some hour
 Shall lift me up with its resistless power,
 And cast me like the drift-wood fragment at Thy feet.
 The next receding wave the obstacle shall meet,
 Bear me far out upon the open sea,
 And plunge me helpless in eternity.

Onward, still onward 'neath the stormy tide,
 FATHER — Thy hand my devious way shall guide —
 Or I may slumber through whole ages in the deep:
 But some morn I shall wake from my oblivious sleep:
 O restless Soul! shall sinful doubt remain?
 OMNISCIENCE saith it — 'I shall rise again!'

J. H. E.

THE CITY OF SUDDEN DEATH.

MANY years ago there trod the lonely streets of Pompeii, with feeble step and slow, a gray-haired man. Physical suffering and mental toil had passed their plough-shares over that noble brow with a subsoil pressure. The mind within, which like a lamp in a vase of alabaster, had once illumined that fine old face, was burning dimly now, or only flickered up with a sort of supernatural light, as dying lamps will just before they are extinguished. The powers that had so long delighted the world, recalling past ages and manners with such vividness that men believed he had found the enchanter's wand of the great wizard of his house, were now all gone. But as that old man paced mournfully through the deserted streets, and by the hearth-stones cold and cheerless of that exhumed city, his head fell upon his noble chest, and he murmured, 'Take me away from this; 't is the city of the dead, the city of the dead;' then wept like a child. Volumes might be written on Pompeii, and yet they would only realize and carry out this brief but comprehensive summary, this profound impression which Pompeii left upon the mind of the 'Great Wizard of the North.'

But there is nothing dark or noisome about this 'city of the dead.' It is only sad, because without inhabitant, and from the recollection of the terrible fate that so suddenly overwhelmed it. It still all looks bright, fresh and beautiful. The gay paintings on the walls, the marble fountains which seem about to play, with their inlaid basins of the rich and various-colored sea-shell, its atriums with their beautiful mosaic pavements, its classic peristyles, its cubiculas or alcoves for sleeping, its vestibules with their hospitable 'welcome' inlaid in mosaic upon the threshold—all are there just almost as they looked when the bright blue sky of nearly two thousand years ago was smiling above their owners, unconscious of the catastrophe that was impending over them. There is so little of ruin or desolation in the ordinary sense of the term. Even the very tombs along that famous street that leads out of the Herculaneum gate would hardly look mournful did we not feel that the pious crowds who once daily issued from that gate would never more return to scatter chaplets and flowers on the last resting-place of those they loved on earth: and yet, in spite of all this, a deep feeling of melancholy will steal over you, and you can partially comprehend the emotions of the great poet and novelist, as you proceed through lonely and noiseless streets, and enter mansion after mansion alike tenantless and deserted. Where are the crowds that once thronged, or the owners that once possessed them? At first you almost hesitate to enter uninvited, and every moment ex-

pect some member of the family to come forth and rebuke the intrusion. But vain is the thought; you pass from house to house;

'VACANT each chamber,
Deserted each hall,
Quiet oblivion reigns over all.'

You search the empty chambers, but no footfall is heard on the echoing pavement save your own and that of your companions. No voice responds to yours but the voice of those who are at your side. You pause and meditate. Sir Walter Scott's commentary is on your lips: 'T is the city of the dead! the city of the dead!'

Pompeii was a little Greek town of tolerable commerce in its early day. The Mediterranean Sea which once washed its walls, subsequently, from the effects of an earthquake or some local convulsion, left it a mile and more away, in the midst of one of those delicious plains made by nature for the complete extinguishment of all industry in the Italian dweller, and for the common-places of poetry and prose in all the northern abusers of the pen. It was ravaged by every barbarian who in turn was called a conqueror; and was successively the pillage of Carthaginian and Roman, until at last the Augustan age, that cast such radiance over Rome, saw it quieted into an effeminate and luxurious Roman colony, and man fearing to rob, ceased to rob any more.

When man had ceased his molestations, then nature commenced hers, and the unfortunate little city was by a curious fate to be extinguished, yet preserved to perish suddenly from the face of the astonished Roman empire, and live again when Rome was but a nest of sandaled monks and superstitious mummary: and her eastern empire, torn into fragments by Turk, Russian, Austrian and Prussian, and a whole host of barbaric names that once were as dust beneath her proud foot.

In the year 63 of the Christian era, an earthquake first manifested to the affrighted Pompeians upon what a frail tenure they all held their leases. Whole streets were thrown down, columns started from their bases, statues fell from their pedestals, and to this day the curious traveller is shown the evidences of hasty repair, marking this first calamity. It was the first warning to that depraved and dissolute city, of the bolt red with uncommon wrath, soon to be launched with all its force amid a fiery whirlwind of stones, lava and ashes. On the twenty-third of August, in the year 79, Vesuvius poured out his accumulation of terrors at once; and in the clearing away of the storm of fiery dust which covered Campania for four days, Pompeii with all its living multitude, its magnificent temples, theatres, palaces and baths; its walls of arabesque, and columns clustering in patrician

splendor, had disappeared from the earth's surface, and a smoking heap reared itself like a grave-mound over the buried city.

The ancient Romans appear to have been as fond of villas as if every soul of them had made fortunes in Wall-street, and the whole southern coast of Italy, like Staten-Island, although far surpassing it in architectural magnificence, was studded with the summer-palaces and iris-hued gardens of these masters of the world. The site of Vesuvius would now be rather a formidable foundation for a villa, whose owner might at any moment be found with his villa done to a turn in a bed of hot ashes. But before this eruption that covered Pompeii with ashes, and Herculaneum with lava, the mountain was asleep, and had never within the memory of the oldest inhabitant rumbled or flung up spark or stone. Its verdant slopes were then covered with elegant villas and gardens. Martial has a pretty epigram in which he gives us a view of Vesuvius as it appeared before this terrible eruption. He says:

‘HERE verdant vines o’erspread Vesuvius’ sides,
The generous grape here poured her purple tides.
This BACCHUS loved, beyond his native scene,
Here dancing satyrs join to trip the green.’

To those who look upon Vesuvius now, grim, blasted, and lifting up his sooty forehead among clouds of perpetual smoke, the very throne of Pluto and Vulcan together, no force of fancy can picture what it must have been when the Romans built their summer-palaces and pavilions on its verdant slopes; a pyramid three thousand feet from base to apex, painted all over with forest, garden, vineyard and orchard; zoned with colonnades, turrets, golden roofs and marble porticoes; with the deep azure of the Campanian sky for a canopy; the classic Mediterranean washing its base; and the whole glittering in the colors of sunrise, noon and evening, like ‘the rich and high-piled woof of Persia’s looms,’ let down from the steps of some heaven-lifted and resplendent throne.

All this magnificence was turned into cinders, lava, and hot water, in the year of the Christian era 79. The hissing streams of lava like fiery snakes ran hither and thither down the slopes of the mountain, scorching and consuming every thing in their glowing pathway; while the mountain hurled high in air the red-hot lava and the sulphurous ashes with a noise that shook the very firmament. The entire continent throughout its northern and southern range, felt the vigorous awakening of the volcano. Imperial Rome, hundreds of miles away, was covered with the ashes, of which Northern Africa, Egypt, and Asia Minor received their full share. The sun was turned into blood, and people very naturally thought that the end of the world had come. Well might Pliny the younger say, in his graphic letter to

Tacitus: 'Nothing then was heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the cries of men. Some calling for their children, others for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices. One lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some lifting their hands to the gods; but the greater part imagining that the last and eternal night was come, which was to destroy the gods and the world together.'

At the close of this first fearful eruption, Vesuvius loomed forth the grim-looking giant he is at this hour. The sky was stained with that white cloud which still reposes like a halo round the mountain's scarred and shattered brow. The plain at his foot, where Herculaneum and Pompeii had once shone forth in all their beauty, was covered many feet deep with a *débris* of ashes and lava, 'while the smoke of the city went up as the smoke of a furnace.'

All was at an end with the once busy, bustling cities below. The people were destroyed or scattered, their houses and homes buried many feet deep. Robbers and malaria remained the sole tenants of this desolate spot, and in this way many centuries rolled over the bones and houses of the vintners, sailors and snug citizens of these Vesuvian cities. But their time was to come, and the covering under which they had reposed so long was to be perforated by Neapolitan and French picks, their private haunts and public places visited by curiosity-mongers, and sketched, lectured and written about, until two-thirds of the world wished they had never been disturbed.

The first discovery of the buried cities was purely accidental; for no Neapolitan ever struck spade into the ground on purpose, or in real earnest, or ever harbored a voluntary idea about any thing save macaroni, intrigue, monkeys, hand-organs, and the gaming-table. The Neapolitan spade thus feeling its way into the earth, struck upon a key. The key was found to fit the lock of a door, and on the inside was an inscription which first revealed the names of the buried cities.

But notwithstanding this discovery, the cities slumbered for twenty years more; until about the year 1711, a duke digging for marbles to burn in a mortar, with which to make lime, found a statue of Hercules, a perfect heap of fractured beauties, a row of Greek columns, and a small temple. Again the cities slumbered, when in 1738 a king of Naples, 'upon whom light may the earth rest,' commenced digging in real earnest, and Pompeii with its temples and theatres once more lay open to the sun.

So few details of the original catastrophe are to be found in history, that we can scarcely estimate the amount of real suffering, which is, after all, the only thing in the case to be taken into the consideration, in considering it a misfortune. The population of Pompeii at least, and perhaps of Herculaneum, with some few exceptions, had time to make

their escape with their property, at least the most costly. A peddler's pack would, I am certain, contain all the valuables in the way of money, gold and jewelry found in Pompeii; and the people who had thus time to clear their premises, must have been most singularly fond of hazard if they stood lingering long beneath that fiery shower.

Some melancholy evidences, it is true, were found to show that all had not been so successful, or at least so prudent. And yet sixty skeletons are all that have been discovered, and more than one-third of the city has been exhumed. In the excavations made by the French, four female skeletons were found lying together, with the ornaments still upon their arms and fingers, and grasping in their fleshless gripe a few coins of gold and silver. In a wine-vault, known by the jars ranged round its walls, close against the door, and in an attitude as if he was attempting to force it open, stood a male skeleton, who had thus perished in a vain effort to save himself from a lingering death by starvation. In a prison or guard-house, with their skeleton-limbs still fast in the stocks, and their eyeless skulls peering out from their brazen helmets, sat six Pompeian soldiers who had thus perished in a cruel companionship of misery.

Beside the garden-gate of the villa of Dromed, just beyond the walls, two skeletons were discovered; one presumed to be the master of the house, from having in his hand the key of the gate; the other stretched beside him with some silver vases, probably a poor slave charged with their transportation. In the cellar the skeletons of seventeen persons were found huddled together, who had here in vain sought an asylum from the fiery shower. From the circumstance of one of these skeletons, a woman, being adorned with a necklace and bracelets of gold, it has with good reason been supposed that this was the mistress of the elegant mansion; and the print of her bosom as it pressed against the wall, a piece of the stucco having been preserved, can be seen at this day in the Museo Borborico at Naples.

Close to the gate of Herculaneum, in a niche, was found the skeleton of a man standing erect, with his armor and helmet on, and spear in hand. It was the Roman sentinel at the city gate, faithful in death as in life, a melancholy memento of the stern discipline of ancient Rome:

‘On, on the human tides rush through the gates:
While the red mountain, blazing full in view,
That Roman sentinel doth contemplate.
Motionless as a statue thus he grew,
Composed his face, though livid in its hue;
Sternness with awe in his undaunted eye;
Vainly the fiery tempest round him flew,
He like the herd had not been taught to fly:
Scathed, blasted at his post, the warrior stood to die.’

It is hardly necessary to describe the curiosities of the exhumed city. They have been sketched and written about, until the whole world has been made familiar with them. One thing is certain. No one can visit 'the city of sudden death' without counting it as one of the eras of his life. For there antiquity has been, as it were, caught alive; the progress of time and decay been arrested, and he is admitted to the temples, theatres, and domestic privacy of a people who lived nearly two thousand years ago.

'At a step
Two thousand years roll backward, and we stand,
Like those so long within that awful place,
Immovable.'

If even the most doubtful ruin of antiquity appears clad with venerable grandeur, what rank shall we assign in the scale of interest to that site, where objects like that enchanted city of the Arabian Nights, were in one moment transfixed in their accidental situations?

But if the site is so deeply interesting, one must not forget the striking beauty of the natural panorama that stretches before him, as he clambers up from the excavated city to the elevated soil that has been thrown out during the excavations. Before him in the distance sweeps the spacious bay, the loveliest in the world, rocking gently beneath the light of an Italian sky, as if it were azure and gold woven together and spread like a thin luminous gauze over the trembling waves which bathe the green margin of the wooded hill. Yonder is the city of Naples, with its castles and palaces, while far out at the entrance of the bay are the lofty promontories Sorrento and Mese-num, beyond which you just faintly discern Ischia and Procida. There for several miles runs the fine range of wooded heights terminating in the rocky bluff of Pozzaoli, and the winding shores of Baia intermingled with green fields, olive-groves and vineyards. As you look out upon the charming scene on every side, you cease to wonder that it became the favorite retreat of the world's masters, and that here, subdued by the delicious and enervating climate, these lords of the world forgot their greatness, and abandoned themselves to luxury and indolence. Here Cæsar forgot his ambition, and Virgil sang not 'Arms and the man,' but, allowing his muse to recreate in the soft and peaceful scenes around him, tuned his rustic reeds to the life and happiness of the gentle husbandmen.

THE BETTER WORLD.

If all our hopes and all our fears Were prisoned in Life's narrow bound; If, travellers in this vale of tears, We saw no better world beyond:	Oh! what could check the rising sigh, What earthly thing could pleasure give? Oh! who would venture then to die, Oh! who would venture then to live?
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B E R E A V E D .

I.

ON earth 't was winter; dismal snows had bound her,
In her bare meadows not a bird would sing,
And sullen skies were folded close around her :
In our hearts' garden 't was delicious spring.

II.

For the dear LORD, through all the darkness reaching,
To mark our low estate with pitying eyes,
Placed in our hands, upraised in sad beseeching,
One little flower, a bud of Paradise.

III.

Our rose, our lily, so we fondly named her,
Our pearl of life, our little nestling dove;
Yet all the names our tender worship framed her,
Seemed poor, to fit the richness of our love.

IV.

I cannot tell thee how our cottage lowly,
Grew a rare temple, where we softly trod,
Deeming that with us walked the angels holy,
With folded wings, and eyes that looked on God.

V.

All things that else had shone in dim revealing,
Waxed clear and lustrous to the spirit's eye,
And, with low breath, beside that cradle kneeling,
Even God's great love seemed not too strange and high.

VI.

O sweet evangel! on its pages shining
We traced no line of our poor earthly lore;
For while we read, the meaning scarce divining,
The hand that wrote it clasped the book once more.

VII.

The LORD had need of her, and so we brought her,
And laid her, weeping, in the angel's breast,
Trusting that HE, whose weary feet had sought her,
Would bear our little lamb to safer rest.

VIII.

And though our tears will sometimes blindly gather,
The empty cradle in our home to see,
For *all* THY gifts we thank THEE, O our FATHER!
These little children lead us unto THEE.

E. C. H.

THE YOUTHFUL LOVE OF LUDWIG BÖRNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MILTON AND HIS TIME.'

WITH an open letter in his hand, Doctor Marcus Herz entered the room where his wife was sitting. Henrietta Herz was known and celebrated for her beauty in all Berlin, where, although she had already passed her thirtieth year, she yet belonged to its most charming notabilities. Time had touched her with a gentle hand; and her slender, elastic growth, her classic form, her rosy cheeks, her abundant dark hair, and especially her eyes, clear-shining as the stars, would have led the observer to ascribe to her fewer years than in reality she had seen.

In spite of the familiarity of daily intercourse, her husband, many years her senior, could not escape the powerful impression exerted by her well-nigh imperishable beauty; his intellectual and handsome features became enlivened, and over his furrowed forehead flashed a ray of joy, such as every perfect work of nature or of art is wont to evoke. Herz remained quietly standing in the open door-way, lest he should disturb her. She was reading, and seemed entirely absorbed in the book she held in her hands. It was 'The Sorrows of Werther,' the evangel of all susceptible hearts at that time. A sigh escaped the breast of the beautiful woman, and in her humid eyes shimmered a quickly repressed tear. Was this a tribute of sorrow to the hero of the romance, or was it called forth by the thought of her own destiny?

Henrietta was the daughter of the Jewish physician De Lemos. In spirit and culture a mere child, but already in early physical development a maiden charming through her beauty and inborn grace, she knew no other will than that of her parents, who, according to the usage of their nation, disposed of the hand of their daughter while she was yet in her minority. When she was twelve years old, she was betrothed to Dr. Herz, who was almost three times her age. The thought, that now, leaning on the arm of her bridegroom, she could enjoy an occasional promenade, and that she should not be compelled to rise so early mornings, reconciled her childish mind to this connection. She would have married, had her father so requested, the oldest and plainest-looking man among her co-religionists, if by so doing she could have placed herself in a position to employ the services of a *friseur* to arrange her massive hair, and to appear in a new dress, made after the latest mode; for Henrietta, like all the daughters of

Eve, was a little vain of her beautiful face, to which not alone her mirror daily offered her flattery.

For her betrothed she felt from the first far more respect than love. He was reputed to be a learned and cultivated physician, already in the enjoyment of a large practice. At the close of every day, after he had visited his patients, he repaired to the house of his betrothed. He never came without bringing to Henrietta an interesting book : through this means it was that he hoped she might become a cultured woman, fitted for the position she was destined to occupy. Nor were his hopes disappointed, for the young maiden was as intellectual and as eager for knowledge as she was amiable and beautiful. She made the most astonishing progress, and the teacher might well be proud of his talented scholar.

Finally, after a courtship of three years, Herz led his bride to his home ; and now that the marriage-vow had been assumed, now that the marriage-rings had been exchanged, Henrietta felt for the first time the importance of the step she had taken. She was the wife of a man far older than herself—of a man whom she only—respected !

From the narrow limits of her parents' home, she stepped at once into a world to her unknown and dangerous. The house of her husband was the resort of many intellectual men, to whom Herz had, earlier in his career, bound himself by common interests and common pursuits. To the friends of the house belonged such Berlin notabilities as Rammler the Ode-Poet, Professor Engel, and the genial Moritz. Attracted by the spirit of the Doctor, a man so rich in knowledge, and by the loveliness of his wife, this circle was enlarged by the accession of the brothers Wilhelm and Alexander von Humboldt, by the fascinating Gentz, and the chivalrous Count Dohna-Schlobitten, by Friedrich Schlegel, by Schleiermacher, who had already won a reputation, and by the amiable Karl Laroche, the son of the famous authoress, and an Apollo in youthful grace.

It could hardly be otherwise, than that the younger of these men should suffer somewhat as they approached this charming woman ; and some of them, smitten by a deeper passion, were unable to conceal the flame. Henrietta was already accustomed to that sort of homage, and perhaps the very consciousness of her conquering charms was the source of her protection in the midst of the manifold temptations by which she was beset. A better support, however, offered itself in the patriarchal morals of her people, among whom a really serious departure from conjugal faith was of the rarest ; in her own self-respect ; and in the unlimited confidence reposed in her by her husband, who accorded to her in every particular the most complete freedom.

A compensation for the love which she only knew as she awoke that passion in others, was presented in the friendship of the most noble

spirits. Before all others she formed with the celebrated Schleiermacher a true union of soul, which ended only with his death, and which, under all circumstances, maintained itself undisturbed, as a proof that between man and woman this relation can subsist, without once overstepping the limits of the sphere of the sexes.

But the destiny of woman and her especial position in life are rooted in love for the man of her choice and for her children; no other, no mere intellectual relation can compensate for this genuine happiness. Henrietta, however, must dispense with both: HEAVEN had denied to her the tender joys of maternity; and when she had accorded to her husband her sincere respect, when she had honored his high sense and his noble culture, there was still something lacking to complete her happiness. The disparity in their ages, and the difference in their views of life, must increase with the lapse of years.

By virtue of his position and his entire education, Herz was identified with that tendency which found in Lessing its great representative. Clear in word and thought, a foe to all exaggeration and impulse, such as ever and anon manifested themselves in the romances of that 'Storm and Stress' period, he scored with bitter jest and sarcastic sharpness these new appearances, for which Henrietta so much the more heartily declared herself the more she felt herself to be related to them in her unsatisfied longings.

To such a feeling might have been ascribed the sigh with which she now laid aside 'Werther's Sorrows' as she saw Herz still standing on the threshold of the door.

'Why do you not come in?' she asked in a gentle tone.

'I did not wish to disturb you. You appeared to be deeply absorbed.'

'I have been reading anew 'The Sorrows of Werther.''

'That is a book for which I have no sort of consideration. I have a most heart-felt aversion to that weak character. I agree with Lessing, that no Greek or Roman would have taken his own life for such miserable reasons.'

'The Greeks did not know love in the sense of our time. However, we will not renew the old strife. What do you bring to me?'

'A letter from Frankfurt. Read it, and say what you think of the proposition it contains. The thing appears acceptable enough to me, but the decision rests with you, for the whole matter belongs to the province of the house-wife.'

Henrietta took the letter, which was from a banker at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, and contained the request, that Dr. Herz would, if favorably inclined, receive the son of the banker, and look after him during his medical studies in Berlin. A liberal pecuniary consideration was to accompany the acceptance of the trust.

‘Well?’ said Herz, after she had perused the letter.

‘There are many things to be thought of,’ answered Henrietta. ‘We should not be over-hasty.’

‘The father is known to me as a worthy man, and the price offered in payment is not to be despised. It would increase very handsomely our means for providing hospitality, and place the affairs of our household on a better footing. You know, alas! that we are obliged to incur heavy expenses since we entertain so many friends. This addition to our income would certainly be very agreeable.’

‘But—the young man—we do not know him; we cannot say whether he is adapted to our views and to our circle. How easily could a stranger destroy its beautiful and complete harmony! And besides, living so closely and intimately together, would be attended with many inconveniences, especially for me.’

‘The young Baruch, as he is called, is at the most, only sixteen years old. He could be your son, and you know that for such an one you have often sighed. You shall perform motherly duties for him: that will busy you, and perhaps furnish you with better employment than—reading ‘*Werther*!’

‘You are right,’ answered Henrietta, by no means offended by his jest. ‘I will seek to supply to the young man the place of an absent mother. Viewed in this light, the proposal has for me a high significance. A new and unknown feeling now animates me, and the more I reflect upon the subject, the more does it please me. I can hardly wait for the moment when ‘our son’ shall make his appearance.’

‘Hold!’ cried Herz in a good-natured tone; ‘your lively fancy flies away with you, and I can hardly follow after to catch it by the wing and bring it back to the light of common day. It is ever thus with you women, ever hovering between extremes, you born romanticists!’

Henrietta herself smiled at the zeal with which she had in imagination played the new rôle of a mother; nevertheless, she was entirely in earnest about it. Now that her feelings were aroused, she almost involuntarily hoped that she might find in the youth—with whom as yet she was entirely unacquainted—such a son as she had long desired. She painted the picture in charming colors, but in silence, that she might not anew call forth the badinage of her husband, who immediately sat down to write to the banker Baruch in Frankfurt, that his son would be welcomed by himself and by his wife.

A few weeks later, the expected charge arrived safe and sound under the roof of the good Doctor. Henrietta received with curious interest ‘her son,’ as she already half-playfully, half in earnest called him. Her expectations were of course in a certain measure disappointed. Instead of a handsome youth, with open and winning features, she

saw before her a little, meagre figure, of negligent appearance. His face bore only too clearly the sharp, Oriental impress, but the dark and brilliant eye betrayed to the observer a spirit of no common order. His manners were awkward, and he manifested a certain timidity, behind which, however, a proud consciousness seemed to lurk. Louis Baruch belonged not to those men who favorably impress by the first glance; one had to know him more intimately before conceiving an affection for him. Henrietta was too sensible to form her opinion by the first impression; she would not allow herself to come to a decision until she had observed with more accuracy the new accession to their household.

But so much the mightier was the influence which her beauty exerted on this boy of seventeen. He stood before her bewildered and dazzled by the charms which none might hope to approach with impunity. As before a goddess, would he most willingly have prostrated himself and offered to her his adoration. In his insignificant body dwelt a soul of fire, and his sunken breast concealed a great heart. This suddenly awakened affection, which had previously slumbered unknown in Louis, drew the richest supplies from the nearer intercourse which he enjoyed with her: now he learned better her friendliness and her goodness of heart, so wonderfully coupled with spirit and culture. No wonder that he became a dreamer, and entirely neglected his medical studies, greatly to the vexation of the learned Doctor, whose task it was to watch his progress therein.

Not with the Doctor alone, however, but also with the friends of the house, did Louis pass for a little idler, who would learn nothing, and yet who on occasion manifested a decided haughtiness of spirit. But Henrietta had familiarized herself to the thought of playing the rôle of a mother, and with a mother's eye she believed she detected virtues where the severe-judging men of her circle only discovered faults. The more accurately she observed 'her son,' the more was she surprised by the sudden flashes of a spirit which seemed to conceal itself designedly from strangers. There were moments when she was filled with astonishment at the power of sharp observation, the trenchant humor, and the profound soul of the young Baruch. She alone suspected the genius which slumbered within him — she alone saw in the almost imperceptible buds the blossoms of the future. Many manifestations of himself betrayed not only his intellectual endowments, but also the firm, unbending character of a man in the fragile, tender body of a boy. And so much the more did she hold it to be her duty to be candid toward him, and to remonstrate frankly with him concerning his indolence.

'Why do you not study more diligently?' she asked him with motherly friendliness.

‘That I may not become a fool!’ he answered with a smile peculiar to himself.

‘I acknowledge that science has its ballast, but this is also necessary. When you are once at the end of your journey and in a safe harbor, you can boldly throw the heedless lading overboard. Your father desires that you should devote yourself to important studies, that you may become a good physician.’

‘A good physician — as Doctor Herz is wont to say to you — is he *who does nothing!* I am therefore in the best path to become one!’

‘Louis!’ threatened she, involuntarily smiling; ‘I fear that my friends are right, who hold you to be an incorrigible idler. I have ascribed to you more ambition. If the practice of medicine does not please you, you can devote yourself to science. You could become a teacher — a professor in an university.’

‘To do that, I must first be baptized. You forget that we Jews are not allowed even to become private docentors* — *may not even starve!*’

There lay so deep and sharp an irony in his words, that Henrietta was silenced and allowed the conversation to drop. Nevertheless, the thought troubled her, that through any fault of his own such brilliant talents should perish. What she herself could not succeed in, she hoped to accomplish by means of the persuasive powers of her friend Schleiermacher. She begged him to speak earnestly with Louis, and place before him tenderly yet faithfully his errors. Schleiermacher, however, at this time refused her request with a severity unusual with him. To this active and unweariedly diligent man the dreamy indolence of the young Baruch was all the more repellent since he thought he saw in him at the same time a certain self-complacent arrogance.

‘How is it possible,’ said he, declining the task, ‘to take more interest in a man than he takes in himself? He undertakes nothing at all, trifles away his time, neglects his studies, ruins himself by his laziness, and regards it all with the utmost indifference. He even says, that admitting all this to be so, it would be no better if he should force himself to any thing else.’

‘You judge too severely,’ answered Henrietta deprecatingly. ‘I hold it to be our duty to guide the erring into the right way. We shall be justly liable to great reproach if he makes a failure of his life.’

‘I do not know that he will make a failure. Many have raised themselves from such a condition. But in this case there is nothing to work upon — no chance to exert one’s self in his behalf. It will be a great pity,’ continued Schleiermacher, in a milder tone, ‘if he re-

* Teachers in German universities, who receive next to nothing for their services.

main in this condition : but no one can help him if he will not help himself?

Had Henrietta or her friend had only the slightest suspicion of the real cause of this apparent indolence in the young man, they would have easily found a right remedy for it. But who could have supposed in the boy of seventeen a passion so glowing for a woman old enough to be his mother? And yet Louis loved his charming hostess with all the intensity of his susceptible heart. To all else he was indifferent if not averse. His every sense was consumed by this fiery passion, which raged all the fiercer the less of hope for him there seemed to be. But older and more matured women often exert on the youngest men an irresistible attraction. And to this the sentimental tendency of that time contributed, as well as the almost incomprehensible influence which Goethe with his 'Werther' had exerted. And there were at that time as many unhappy lovers who brooded over the thought of suicide, as there are now 'discontented' and 'torn' ones.

And Louis Baruch was not exempt from the general sickness of that period; he was heavy-hearted and fallen out with the times, like 'Werther,' and sighed for death, which to youth seems so trifling, and to age so serious. His condition became every day more and more oppressive and unendurable. He lived every hour in the society of this beloved woman, who ever treated him with the same unvarying kindness; and yet he must carefully conceal his passion, lest he excite ridicule, and by a premature confession forever rob himself of a vision that was to him indispensable. The most violent jealousy took possession of his heart, when he saw her surrounded by those men with whom he could in no respect stand a comparison.

Although Henrietta's career was above all suspicion, still she could not escape the homage which on every side was so freely offered her. But how could *he* dare to hope by the side of the great-minded Wilhelm Humboldt and the illustrious Karl Laroche? The bare thought, however, that they could be happier than himself, brought him to the brink of despair. The confidant of his sorrows was his carefully kept diary, which in consonance with the spirit of that time was the sole witness of this mad love.

And now a new misfortune threatened to rob him of his last hope. Henrietta's husband, Dr. Herz, was taken ill. He grew worse from day to day, and finally died. His wife deplored sincerely the loss of her noble husband, whose worth she had fully estimated. And now the widow, yet in the freshness of her charms, felt that she must be circumspect: and the young Baruch feared, not without reason, that he would not be allowed to remain longer under her roof; but he plead so earnestly, and manifested so faithful a devotion, that she consented against the counsels of prudence, to his remaining for the pre-

sent. And in the by no means favorable circumstances in which Henrietta had been left by Herz, it seemed highly desirable to retain the wealthy young 'boarder,' since she had from filial piety assumed the care of her mother, and also of a sister, younger than herself, named Brenna, and for whom now she must likewise provide.

Her friends remained true to her: only Schleiermacher was absent, having been called on account of his fame as a preacher and teacher to the University at Halle.

And now there were not wanting to the amiable widow offers as advantageous as they were honorable; but for the present she rejected them all: indeed, she appeared determined to contract no second marriage. Among the most ardent suitors for her hand was the Count Alexander von Dohnawitz. Neither his high rank nor the religious prejudices of society (for Henrietta, from regard to the austere belief of her mother, still remained a Jewess, and refused to be baptized) held him back from offering to her his heart and his large fortune. He did not permit himself to be disheartened by her repeated refusals, but continued with unflagging zeal his suit in the hope of finally winning her love by his constancy.

The visits of the noble Count did not escape the attention of Louis, and he hardly doubted the result. To know her in the arms of another man — *that* crushed his strength! His sorrows had reached their highest point, life had become a burden to him, and only in death did he hope to find the loosing of his anguish. He would die as 'Werther' died.

For this purpose he sought to obtain poison. Under the pretence that he would drive rats and mice from his room, he procured from a neighboring apothecary, by means of Henrietta's servant, a quantity of arsenic. At the same time he sent to the apothecary ten louis d'or, with which to pay for medicines formerly received, although this sum was far greater than was necessary. This suspicious circumstance surprised the prudent girl all the more, as the distressed appearance of the young Baruch had not escaped her observation. She therefore held it to be her duty first of all to acquaint Brenna with these facts, who hastened immediately to her sister, and informed her of the inexplicable occurrence. Henrietta was not a little shocked, but at first she maintained a deep silence, because she wished to observe Louis more accurately and to search out the cause of this attempt at suicide. Suddenly the thought flashed upon her, that she herself might be the cause! But before she could take any decided step, she must be satisfied beyond a doubt. And this very soon was in part the case.

One day Brenna handed to her a letter written by young Baruch,

which the house-maid had found while arranging his room. In glowing words this unhappy one confessed therein his love for Henrietta, and at the same time his determination to put an end to his life by violent means. What should she do?

With shuddering Henrietta read the passionate confession. At every hazard she must rescue him. In order to hold him back from this fearful step she determined to keep him this evening constantly by her side. She therefore invited him to accompany her to the theatre. Here they witnessed with emotions peculiar to their several positions the representation of Schiller's 'Don Carlos.' Involuntarily the events portrayed in the drama obtruded upon their minds the relation they sustained to each other. Too much moved by the performance to speak, they left the theatre, and in silence gained their dwelling.

Here Baruch was about to bid good-night to his fair companion, and retire to his room. She, however, invited him to follow her, and to take a cup of tea with her. This request, at so late an hour of the night, could not but surprise him. His heart beat so violently, that it seemed as if it would burst from his bosom, his head swam, and it was with difficulty that he retained his composure. Henrietta had thrown off her mantle and hat, and stood before him, in the mild light of the lamp, like a celestial being. The agitation which she could not repress, reddened her cheeks and lent to her eyes a higher splendor. Her glance rested, full of compassion and womanly sympathy, upon the unfortunate youth. A solemn grace appeared to hover around her, and imparted to her otherwise so kindly features a new and unknown charm. After she had prepared the tea, according to her usual manner, and had poured it out, she cast a glance at her sister Brenna, who thereupon withdrew. Henrietta remained alone with the young man, who, seized with a gentle tremor, scarcely ventured to breathe.

A deep stillness prevailed in the room: Henrietta had herself first to struggle for self-possession, before she could begin the weighty conversation.

'Louis!' said she, after a pause full of expectancy, 'I have read the letter which in your wild illusion you wrote to me.'

'And you are not angry with me?' he asked, startled, and with trembling voice and downcast eyes; 'you do not banish me?'

'I have every reason to be seriously angry with you, but ——'

His cheeks reddened and paled as despair and hope in his heart alternated with the rapidity of lightning. At her words he had sprung from his chair, but had quickly sunk down again, covering his face with his hands.

'Kill me!' cried he with youthful passion. 'I am not longer worthy to breathe this pure atmosphere with you!'

‘I would not kill you,’ answered Henrietta, ‘but heal you. You are sick, my young friend.’

‘Sick unto death!’ sighed he deeply.

‘Believe me, this evil is not irremediable. One does not die so easily of a broken heart, even if one is a woman. But what is pardonable in a woman, I find to be only cowardice in a man. — You would lay violent hands on yourself. Have you ever thought, that this life does not belong to you?’

‘To whom, then, does it belong?’

‘To your parents, to your friends, to the state, and before all, to your race.’

As she uttered these solemn words, Henrietta stood up: her slender form seemed to grow, her features shone in an unearthly light. It seemed to Louis, as she took his hand, that his guardian-spirit spoke with him in this hour.

‘Listen to me quietly,’ she continued in an elevated voice. ‘I alone know what a spirit Heaven has conferred upon you. I believe that I know you better than do my friends or than even you do yourself. The glance of woman is often sharper than that of man: it is because our eyes do not wander so far into the distance, that we see more clearly. The instinct of the heart often errs less than the proud reason; and love — I mean pure, divine love — guides us more surely than all human foresight. And therefore I hope that I do not deceive myself when I prophesy for you a great future. Would you sacrifice this to a foolish passion, which lays itself open to the scoff of ridicule? Compared with you, I am an old woman; I might be your mother, and would willingly become such an one to you. But you have yourself robbed me of this pleasure, and have destroyed the relation of which I once dreamed. You have inflicted upon me a great pain.’

‘Can you pardon me?’ asked the youth, deeply moved.

‘Only on the single condition, that you pledge to me your word to abandon this foolish passion, and solemnly promise me to give up any further attempts on your life. The suicide I despise, for he is but a proof of moral cowardice. Life is a hard battle; only pitiful egoists and imbeciles shrink from its conflicts, because they lack courage. I had ascribed to you more heroism.’

‘What then would you have me become?’ groaned Louis, trembling if not yet convinced.

‘Become a hero of spirit, the champion of a new age. You will surmount this trial, and go forth from it a man. This error of your heart will disappear, and even the pain which you certainly in this moment feel, will become to you a blessing. The spirit ripens under sorrows; it needs the storm, that its roots may strike the deeper. Your talent will unfold itself as soon as you can shake off this vain

dream; your sharp wit, purified by the sorrow that may linger, will be softened into a milder humor, whose world-compelling power shall first exercise itself upon this very incident in your history. You will recognize your inborn power, and learn to use it for the welfare of others and thus of yourself. Then the general recognition and esteem will not long be denied you. With pride I shall myself recall this very hour in which I have preserved you for the world — have given you back to it.

‘I am not ambitious,’ answered Louis with a sad smile.

‘But you think enough of the race and of its welfare to live and to work?’

‘What can I do for them?’

‘No man is so insignificant that he is without a task to perform in this world. Every mortal, when he dies, leaves behind him a gap which only the eye of God can see. For that reason, may no man voluntarily abandon the post which has been assigned him, but wait till the hour for his departure has struck. You ask, what you can do? You are a Jew. Very well! Combat the prejudice, with which for centuries blind bigotry has pursued your fellow-religionists. Spread abroad among these culture and enlightenment, free these doubly oppressed ones from the yoke of tradition and the slavery of the Talmud. Arouse the better spirit which lies dormant in them, and open their eyes, too long engrossed with mere material things, to the nobler realities of life. As a German, you feel, with myself, the distracted condition of your country, the degeneracy and the oppressions of the powerful, the gradual deterioration of the greatest people upon whom the sun ever shone. What a noble task to revive the consciousness of the nation, to battle with despotism, to quicken anew the sense of citizenship! The entire race has a claim upon you, and exhorts you through my feeble voice not to bury the talent which God has confided to you, but to use this talent in battling for truth, for right, and for freedom. To this task, in the name of the race, do I summon you!’

Involuntarily had the youth inclined himself before her hand, which she allowed to rest, in the act of benediction, upon his head. As he raised himself, a wonderful transformation had passed over him. He seemed to have grown older in years: in this hour he had ripened into manhood. He voluntarily handed to her the diary, which he had borne next his heart. She took it, and read with deep emotion, the most glowing confessions — confessions far surpassing her own anticipations; and which this man, afterwards so distinguished, himself supplemented and published. Before her death, actuated by excessive caution, Henrietta devoted these precious costly leaves to the annihilation of the flames.

After the scene of that night, Louis Baruch left Henrietta and Berlin, to continue, or rather to begin, his studies at Halle. Henrietta herself earnestly recommended him to the distinguished Reil, in whose house Louis was welcomed as a relative. Though distant from him, Henrietta cared for him with the tenderness of a mother, as is proved by her correspondence with her friend Schleiermacher, who at that time resided in Halle. She constantly manifested the heartiest interest in the fortunes of the young man, who gave every promise of fulfilling the prophecy she had uttered concerning him.

After a few years she saw him again at Frankfurt-on-the-Main. In the mean time he had become a famous and universally admired author, a champion of truth, of right, and of freedom. He was called no longer Louis Baruch, for he had embraced Christianity and had received in baptism the name — LUDWIG BÖRNE — a name which had in Germany a good sound, and a fame that mounted higher and higher with every year.

As Henrietta, on seeing him again, extended to him her hand, and at the same time uttered a few words of admiration and honest praise of his genius and his fame, a peculiar, half-mournful, half-jesting smile played around his lips.

‘To you I owe every thing,’ said the great humorist and reformer; ‘but I know not if I ought to thank you. The price I have paid for it, stands in no proportion to that which I have won!’

With these words he kissed the hand of his motherly friend. As she drew it back, she saw that upon its snowy whiteness there sparkled a tear!

L I N E S .

THOUGHTS come o'er me strange and wild,
Fancies which I cannot dim,
Thinking of that mortal sin;
Wishing God, when I, a child,
Had taken me to live with Him.

Had I but a conscience clear,
I would wish to end life now;
Or if one had taught me how —
How to lead a good life here,
Then had I been happy now.

God, is absolution given
To a fallen one like me?
Tossed about on life's fierce sea,
Can I have a home in heaven?
God my FATHER, pity me!

D. S. F.

D I E S I R Æ .

FREELY GIVEN, AND MOSTLY IN SAXON ENGLISH.

BY JOHN MURRAY, JR.

THE origin of this grand and truly Catholic Latin hymn of the Middle Ages is somewhat obscure, although its authorship is generally attributed to a monk called THOMAS of Celano. So many English translations have appeared, that the production of another demands an apology. None of these versions with which the translator is acquainted, are marked by a choice of Anglo-Saxon words; and it is believed that such a choice will best embody the spirit of the original. By this method, too, a singular contrast of *tone* is presented; the sound of emphatic, brief, often monosyllabic, words being opposed to that of the sonorous Latin vocables.

DAY of wrath! that dreadful day
When earth itself shall melt away;
Thus DAVID and the sybils say.

Oh! the shrinking body then!
The GOD of souls, to blinded ken,
Will stand before the eyes of men.

When the brazen blast is heard,
Quick and dead shall both be stirred,
Listening to the fearful word.

Death will quake, the living throng,
Their guilty-stricken ranks along,
Uplifting high a woeful song.

The Book of endless doom be shown,
Where all the deeds of earth are known,
Yea! every thought is writ alone:

Forgotten wrong, to startled sight,
Like hidden murder of the night,
Will blaze in that unearthly light.

Filled with dread, a shaken band,
The righteous hardly think to stand:
What hope have I for outstretched hand?

King of kings, and LORD on high,
Thou who hear'st the sinner's cry,
Hear my groans before I die!

THOU whose wounds were all for me,
Whose limbs were nailed upon the tree,
THY lightning wrath oh ! must I flee ?

The thorns THY holy head then wore,
The woes THY soul and body bore,
Shall these be lost for evermore ?

LORD of right, on bended knee,
Forgiveness would I ask of THEE,
E'er that day of reckoning be :

Bowed in gloom, and weary, weak,
Reddening shame upon my cheek,
Weeping for the love I seek.

THOU didst lend the thief an ear,
And wipe the fallen MARY'S tear :
Give me hope, and take my fear.

Work of mine may nothing earn,
Lost if THOU dost from me turn,
My body, through its sins, to burn.

When the wicked, full of pride,
In the depths of hell abide,
Call me to THY blessed side !

Bitter sobs, and louder cries
Than ears have heard, will then arise
To lift the curse that never dies.

Sinking soul without a stay,
Heart to ashes burnt away,
Help me, LORD, upon that day !

D A I L Y D U T I E S .

SUM up at night what thou hast done by day ;
And in the morning what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul. Watch the decay
And growth of it. If with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both. Since we shall be
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

HERBERT.

TROUT-BOOK OF THE YEAR.

II.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE SINGULAR METHOD BY WHICH I WAS WAKED UP. — AN APPARITION. — TERRIBLE ENCOUNTER AND ESCAPE. — HAVOC IN THE MOUNTAINS. — AN ACCOUNT OF LUCK, WITH SENSIBLE REMARKS ON FISHING. — RHAPSODY OCCASIONED BY A GOOD DINNER. — AN ALTERCATION BETWEEN TWO POETS ON THINGS RECONDITE RESULT IN A PROSE DISCUSSION.

To lie at night on a bare floor, is not hard when the body is well exercised, the mind cheerful, and the weather warm. I slumbered profoundly, not without dreams of meadows and running brooks, for my head was like one of those crystal globes which we sometimes see full of fish. At half-past three in the morning — the time was indicated by a lighted match held before the dial of my watch — I was awakened by what was equivalent to a loud noise. It was not the discharge of a gun or pistol, a clap of thunder, or a falling down-stairs; none of these. But the regular, unintermitted snorings of my friend, as accurate in the measurement of time as the ticking of a watch, or the beating of a pulse, amounted at last to a lulling monotone, like the constant rumbling of carriages in a great city, an unceasing fall of water, or the grinding of a mill. Disagreeable at first to an unaccustomed ear, of wakeful influence, all these, if constantly repeated, so far from breaking up the train of thought, are actual helps to rest or meditation. But that well-timed, unsnorring snore, the lullaby and cradle-hymn after a hard day's work, suddenly ceased. Consequently, so far from being composed by the intense stillness which supervened in such a solitude, and at such an hour, before even the birds would begin to sing, or a cock crow, the transition roused me up as effectually as if a rude giant had shaken me by the shoulders and said: 'Up, for all the stars in heaven are falling!' I arose and examined the soft couch which was hard by. It was vacant; there was not a warm feather in it. Said I, looking around: 'He must have been gone a long time; his boots, breeches, coat and fishing-rod have vanished, while Juli-Ann has not yet gone out to milk the cows. His anticipations must have made him sleepless, but how Quixotic to try his luck at this time, when not a bull-frog is stirring, and the very owls in the woods are still as death.' I went down-stairs and looked out. The day faintly dawned, but not with rosy light. I could not say with Hudibras:

'Now, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn.'

I strayed along the sullen shores toward the mill-dam. There standing on the bridge, wreathed with fog, might be discerned a portly ghost, the dim outlines of a fisherman in full panoply. His rod was

out-stretched over the pool; silently and solemnly he fished as if the 'speckled' at such an hour were not fast asleep in their watery beds. 'Art mad, friend? or gifted with the strange mysterious faculty of sleep-walking?' I drew nigh and confronted him; he gave no morning salutation; not a word spake he, but grasped his pole and watched his bob, motionless on the brink of the dark water, on the edge of the dark forest. Stygian was the scene! as great a contrast with the golden sunshine and all the prospect of yesternoon, as the Elysian fields would be with the barren realms of Pluto. I looked into his clear blue eye; it was not fixed or glassy; I pressed my thumb against his ribs, and he replied by a slight chuckle. It seemed to me that the white mists were thick enough for trout to float in.

'Good morning.'

But then he cast his rod upon the bank, stamped the ground, threw out his arms and raved wildly. I received a tremendous blow on my forehead, which was given, however, by my own palm, for I was dancing about like himself. We were half-crazy, invested suddenly by an enemy against which we had no weapons of defence. In all probability we could not have lived an hour without relief, which we found, not by getting the better in that terrible encounter which we had to meet, but by defending ourselves in the best manner that we could, and, although both severely wounded, fighting and retreating step by step until we reached the house, where we got in, slammed the door, and sat down upon a bench.

In the forests around us were some wild-cats whose attacks, when they chose to make them, were savage in the extreme. Lithe, agile, and voracious, when they leaped for the throat and fastened their claws, and secured their hold well upon man or beast, the tussle must be in their favor. They are great blood-suckers, for as we well know even the household cat will sometimes recur to his natural taste, and when he gets old, blear-eyed and dissipated, will creep up into chambers, leap into cradles, and suck away the breath of children. The few remaining bears on these mountains are however quite mild in disposition, and do not act on the defensive except in times of scarcity when meat is dear. But wild-cats or bears, if they had been as plenty as blackberries, did not make their appearance, or trouble us just at this time. Myriads of gnats hovered about, in size so diminutive as the point of a cambric needle, yet perfect in organism as gallinippers of the first magnitude. Only almighty ingenuity could descend with its creation to a compass so infinitely small. They were scarce visible, yet as smart and active in their operations as mosquitoes, although we could not hear the noise of their wings. But their stings were perfectly intolerable, their attacks incessant from all quarters, and no slapping, fanning, or wiping could abate the pest. They covered the

hands, poured down with irresistible hostility into the neck and bosom, got into the eyes, nose, mouth, ears, and even the lungs. A hat drawn down close over the eyes, linen gloves on the hands, availed nothing; they penetrated every where; insinuated themselves into all avenues, and made me think how old Pharaoh must have suffered when he would not let the children of Israel go. My ghostly friend said that he had never such luck, for he had fifty thousand bites, and was very glad to retire into the house with me and wait for day-light.

Juli-Ann was already at the churn, and her man was moving about actively, kindling a fire in the kitchen-stove. As we were only in the way, impeding domestic affairs, and mists, vapor and gnats prevailed without, we returned to our chamber and enjoyed a second sleep, from which we were aroused at half-past seven o'clock by the information that breakfast was ready.

It was a good meal, consisting of trout, broiled with a few thin slices of pork, a little dry toast and butter, and a cup of tea. But the prospect ahead was not cheerful. Gnat was invincible. He monopolized the air with his rabble. It looked, too, like rain. Presently a strong wind arose in the distance to sweep away gnat and fog together. We heard it advancing, at first a low murmur succeeding the death-like pause, with a roar like a surf. We could see the steps of its progress from hill-top to hill-top, where the trees in thick ranks bowed their heads and waved their arms. On the hither-side there were wood-crowned heights as yet all silent, in an attitude of expectancy; every tree stiff and erect, not a leaf stirring, the white mists resting upon them; but in an instant the mighty invisible power of the wind passed by, and they too were all in agitation, and at last from where we sat we observed the whole line of forests moved. The thunder rolled above our heads, and at intervals we heard the distinct crash of monster trees which fell and broke down all the green and vigorous saplings in their path.

The sound of a falling tree resembles no other noise. It is poetically suggestive; it has a sublimity of its own. We can imagine it to be the shriek of the Hamadryad. Hark again! That voice was lifted centuries ago in soft susurrings. It was given forth in creaks and groanings in after-ages, when the tree writhed and wrestled with the winter-storms, but that long-protracted crash denotes the rending asunder of every fibre in its vast body: it is prostrate now, still wearing its ancient crown of glory.

The rain had fallen in torrents, after which the sun shone cheerfully. We embarked again upon the raft, and anchored near the alders, throwing our lines directly over the sandy bottom of the ancient brook. The bobs soon became tremulous, ducked under, and presently I drew up a fine flashing fellow, although considerably under a

quarter of a pound. I tore the hook out of his mouth, slipped him through my hand, for his sides appeared to be pretty well greased, into the basket, where he walloped about completely out of his element. Scarcely had this been done, when my *compagnon de voyage* brought up a larger, fairly ripping him out of the water, and had him flouncing about on deck, until with a fatal dig of his thumb and fore-finger, he grabbed him by the gills, cracked his spinal column, embasketed him, and without a single movement, except a quizzical rolling and glance of his blue eye, dexterously put his hook through the bowels of a new worm, threw out on the hither-side of an immense ugly, slimy log, and before I could say 'Jack Robinson,' had a half-pounder. Excited by this, I began to stir about in earnest, but most unfortunately got my line into a snarl as bad as the Gordian knot, and when after ten minutes' nice fingering it was unravelled, immediately after I had the vexation to see it wound round and round a dry twig, from which, after fruitless endeavors, I impatiently jerked it and snapped the snell. By that time my rival had another of the speckled, not very large, however, betwixt his thumb and fore-finger.

Nothing more exemplifies the genius of the true angler than the tact and patience with which he will extricate himself from embarrassments, especially in a wild country. In fishing from the banks of a stream which purls through a smooth meadow, as did Izaak, much art is required; for the hook may get fastened, and an experienced trout, though he has swallowed it, contrive to run with it about some projecting stump, (his motions all observed, the water being so limpid,) and then a dexterous handling of the rod and line can alone unwind him from his ambiguities, and lay him panting on the sod, or receive him into the net. But I have seen an angler holding a long stiff cane-pole, his line of home manufacture, his hooks rather coarse, throw out into a wild Green Mountain rivulet filled with logs, floating trees, with their yet green twigs sticking up, among all manner of obstructions, get his hook fastened, his line wound about among the trees, yet extricate both, and bring up fish in so little time that it surprised me. It inspired me with a degree of respect for that experience, skill, perseverance, and knowledge, which though in an inferior specialty, could result in such desirable success. I have in vain tried to induce such men to teach me their peculiar art, which seemed a sort of juggle. They have always been free in their expoundings, but whatever they advised amounted to nothing when tried. I must think that although they have the power to kill fish, yet they cannot communicate observation, discretion, or any other good quality to any one.

The weather having changed, our position been rendered comfortable by the departure of gnat, fog, mist and company, the sun shining bright, attempered by a crisp breeze, we coasted about with various success

until two o'clock in the afternoon, when we had reached a swamp at the mountain's base at the head of the lake. We were not as on the previous day, unsupplied with provisions: we had on board plenty of ham-sandwiches, whereupon we took occasion to christen a group of the more prominent bogs by the name of the Sandwich Islands, and they were accordingly so laid down in our piscatorial chart. Seated comfortably on upturned candle-boxes, while the gaunt forest-trees stood around our floating table, like attentive servants, to fan us with their waving arms, and Æolus took the *bâton*, gave direction to Zephyr and the winds now yielding to control, to discourse soft music, (soft as poetic sighs, so changed from the late flourish of battle-trumpets, finer in modulation than the most attenuated notes of lute or harp,) we constituted a small firkin a temporary altar, overspread it with fine linen, dedicated it to the god of fowling and fishing, poured out a libation, and made an offering to *Pan*. We gave no fish to Pan, for the live coal was wanting; only the fine wheaten loaf, and thanks which took the place of honey. So in the midst of a grand amphitheatre of hills and mountains, to the sound of music while the mirror of waters reflected the blue sky above, the garniture and decorative festooning of the surrounding groves, we dined festally, and in a pause of the soft windy band we heard again the crash of some huge monster of the forest, not cast down by the tempest, toppling over by his own weight, when all was serene, when no thunder-bolts were falling, as grandeur often suddenly drops when there is decay at the heart. Oh! was not that a dying fall? The winds just so gentle again piped up, and now shrill, whistling, somewhat discordant, seemed to utter a lamentation over the noble oak or elm whose shadow had departed, among whose leaves they could no more play, then suddenly silent, they gave it to echo to prolong the strain. Echo, reduced to voice alone, from slighted love of dear Narcissus, caught up the cry, repeated it again over the valleys, from mountain-top to mountain-top, until she made a thousand crashes out of one.

How good this ham is! Give me another pickle, if you please. Another lump of ice. Pour out again from those lips which are silver-tipped. Drink, Tickler, before the ethereal particles escape to heaven.

That was the grandest resonation of them all. That tree, called by whatever name, whose germ was christened by Patriarch Noah in the ark, oak, elm, cedar, or hemlock, judging from his big groan, must have begun to live before Columbus came to these shores, had flourished greenly before a line was ever in print, and had sprouted out for many a spring-time before an idea of genuine liberty had taken root.

'Give me another piece of cold chicken: thank you.'

O ye dryads presiding over groves! O thou Hamadryad, who

with thy faint ethereal form hast always stood beside that tree just fallen, as if the soul and spirit of it! O ye old Sicilian muses! if living still, ye have ever crossed the Atlantic wave to new-found shores, begin the lamentation!

‘A little piece of that old cheese. No more.’

Our entertainment now tapering off, and hunger, which is much sharpened by clambering mountains, being quelled, we made a bargain that we would sit on two candle-boxes in silence, until the sun had condescended to go down behind a certain high tree. Tablets were drawn forth, our anchorage was safely examined. Here follows

An Ode.

BY GEORGE LANSDON, M.A.

MASTER OF THE ART OF TROUT-FISHING WITH WORM OR FLY, WHEREIN ARE CONTAINED CERTAIN INGENIOUS IDEAS OR THEORIES, FOR YE CONSIDERATION OF YE CONTEMPLATIVE; COMPOSED WHILE SITTING ON A RAFT. IN PARTICULAR METRE.

O LORD! how fine this scene,
These wood-crowned hills I see,
Above, the sky serene,
The birds on every tree!
Deep in the pool
Now frisk about,
Our feet beneath,
The speckled trout.

No dear gazelles, nor fawns
That sip the cooling rills,
No white sheep on the lawns,
Nor kine upon the hills,
Can you excel,
Ye finny race,
In attitude
Or native grace.

In heaven there is a clear
Transparent wave that rolls,
Light as our atmosphere —
Tell me if trouts have souls?
If safe from hooks,
They fear no wiles
Among the nooks
Of blessed isles?

Such beauty in the low-
est creatures I can see,
Methinks it may be so,
By fair theology,
Beyond the vale,
That they may share
A finer sea,
Or earth or air.

Shall forms which we adore,
And fix on them our gaze,
Which than ourselves far more
Exalt JEHOVAH'S praise,

All pass away,
 Withouten hope,
 The graceful swan,
 Or antelope ?

Birds of fair plume, sweet song,
 So jocund in their mirth,
 Seem scarcely to belong
 To atmosphere of earth.
 And must we think
 The robin, wren,
 Or bobolink,
 Live not again ?

Or yet the bee who hums
 God save the Queen so well,
 And gathering sweets all day,
 For every waxen cell,
 His sovereign loves,
 We think in that
 Far better than
 A democrat.

I've seen a rose just sprung
 (A damask rose, and rare)
 From clefts of its own hood,
 And as the morning fair ;
 But soon came death —
 No longer whole,
 Its parting breath
 Seemed like a soul.

Thus all which God has made
 Shall know the now and then,
 And every living thing
 But share the fate of men :
 Shall live and die,
 And live again :
 So may it be,
 AMEN, AMEN !

—
 R E J O I N D E R .

SUCH fancy fact has seemed :
 In heaven, on earth there be
 More things than we have dreamed
 In our philosophy.
 And so the whole
 Creation waits
 To enter at
 The Golden Gates.

But forms of bestial kind,
 'T is said, fulfil the plan
 For which they were designed
 And can't exceed their span :
 Their little day
 And short-lived glee,
 Is all their im-
 mortality.

If for their knocks and blows
 They have no recompense
 In after-life; yet still
 They've very little sense.
 A cat's a soul,
 We grant you that —
 But mortal, and
 The soul of a cat.

Of this dilemma you
 Are placed upon the horns;
 There will be snakes and toads,
 As well as milk-white swans,
 The law must touch
 All equally,
 Then heaven would be
 No heaven to thee.

For what if, when a saint
 Had reached the better shore,
 His very heart should faint
 To hear a lion's roar!
 Or fiercer still,
 A lioness yelp,
 To guard her spir-
 itual whelp!

In heaven the book divine
 Admits no beasts: I see
 You know a hook and line,
 But not theology.
 No poisonous thing
 Shall ever dwell
 'Mid yellow meads
 Of Asphodel.

—
 REPLY TO THE ABOVE BY G. L.

ONE truth you have forgot;
 For in a higher realm
 A snake a snake is not;
 A lion's like a lamb.
 All natures change,
 The fierce, the shy,
 Alike become,
 Together lie.

—
 CONCLUSION.

WHEREIN THE WHOLE MATTER IS DRAWN TO A FINE SETTLEMENT.

Your logic mine will match;
 If trouts shall live again,
 We'll fish all day and catch
 As many as we can.
 Up anchor now,
 The sun, you see,
 Has sunk below
 The upland tree.

On the recital of the above poem, in alternate parts, the trout were seen fairly leaping out of the water for joy, while those more immediately around wagged their tails, and the rainbow of hope flashed brighter over their backs. Digestion was helped along, and the mind adequately soothed by this sweet effusion.

‘Next to the most inspiring scenes and influences of nature,’ remarked my companion, ‘there is nothing on earth which brings me nearer heaven than — what do you think?’

‘How can I say? Tastes differ so much. One man’s meat is another man’s poison.’

‘Well, it is to hear one of my own poems recited, and well too, with due regard to cadence and inflection, so as to bring out all the furtive beauties which would escape the vulgar.’

‘Good, my friend, that is a pardonable strength of mind on your part, shared by several of the ancient and not a few of our more recent poets. In the palmy days of the Augustan era, what a treat to hear Horatius repeat from his own lips his own *‘Quis multa gracilis,’* or his *‘Solvitur acris hyems,’* or *‘Integer vitæ,’* or *‘Laudabunt alii,’* or Anacreon singing one of his own songs, blithe as a grasshopper in the midst of morning dews.’

‘Most charming! Why can we not have such things now?’

‘I will tell you. The art of printing was a death-blow to the art of poetry. Shakspeare and Milton caught up the last dying strains, and if they were sweeter than all which had gone before, it was simply because they were those of death. We must refer it to the same rule exemplified by so many things, (the very allusion to which must appear trite,) by the last flicker of the candle, by the swan, the dolphin, the departure of day in the glowing west, or the dying year. To be absorbed in *‘Mask of Comus,’* or *‘Midsummer Night’s Dream,’* is to blot out intervening ages, to drink from the fountain-head of Helicon, to go far back to the time when inspiration was freshest.

‘But why should the art preservative of all arts tend only to the destruction of poetry, when it should be the very wings of Pegasus? Is the faculty divine less apt to exist when the motives for its exercise should be rather increased by an audience so much larger?’

‘I grant you, but the element is lacking in the age itself, as well as the spirit of it.’

‘Are not the skies as fair as ever, the nights as well studded with stars, the rivers and mountains as majestic? Do not the thunders roll, the birds sing, and the flowers are they not as sweet as before? Even for an epic are there not grand deeds enough?’

‘The marvels of the age are so great and many, that there is nothing marvellous. Once the imagination had a clear field before it, which it could people with airy shapes, and make it the very theatre

of enchantment. Its visions of the possible, the probable, had a charm for even grown-up children, but being now fulfilled as fast as they are conceived, in practical form, they become matters of fact, not fancy. The flying horse of the Arabian nights, which used to be the dream of our childhood, is numbered with the realities. So is it with the fire-breathing monsters and all the shapes of mythologic fiction. Aladdin's cave is thrown open to the day-light; the magician, stripped of his robe of mystery, is demeaned to the veriest juggler, and fairies have lost their charm when they no longer float through the brain, but are rendered visible. Men, from the first, have put a yoke on the ox, a bridle on the horse. Now the ALMIGHTY has delegated to him a part of His own authority to make the winds his messengers, his ministers a flame of fire. When the thing is done, it ceases to be a marvel. It is a practical age.'

'But how say you that the rapid transmission of ideas should only be a check on the fancy? Nay, rather why should not that stimulate it to livelier action?'

'The art of printing has dispelled the mists through which objects used to loom up largely; it has been like diffusing the day-light every where, whereas darkness is one essential element of sublimity. It has set the brains of men to work, it is true, but they are no longer employed in weaving cobwebs. It has set their hands to work as well, thrown open the whole realm of practical things, and engendered such a clatter as to dethrone imagination. The heroic-romantic cannot be found in an age of steam-engines and cotton-gins. Every man is in some sense a *maker*. Every Yankee can whittle out something. All the fountains are being diverted, around which the muses gathered; all the trees are being cut down where the Dryads and Hamadryads took sweet counsel, and the canal-diggers have excavated a grave for the very form of poetry. Farewell, O heroes!—farewell, O demi-gods!—farewell, O golden fleece!—farewell!'

'Do n't you think that we had better try to take some trout in that brook which feeds the pond?'

'Lead on, and I will follow into yon primeval forest, lest it be cut down before our eyes. The sun is getting low, the shadows begin to fall, and Juli-Ann will soon blow a blast upon her horn, to wake up all the echoes.'

TO ALMEDA: FROM THE SPANISH.

Think you, my love, if ever Fate
Should cast a shadow o'er our bliss,
That you or I could e'er forget
In darkest hours, our *Good-night Kiss*?

Ah, no! though hopes should melt in tears,
And fade forever days like this,
Sad Memory, through the longest years,
Would hover round our *Good-night Kiss*.

S T A N Z A S : ' P E A C E . '

THE last red flushing of the sunset light
 Fades from the silver sea :
 Amid the solemn beauty of the night,
 I walk with thoughts of thee.

My feet are weary from my toil to-day,
 My bleeding hands are torn ;
 For in a rocky and a briery way
 I gleaned amid the thorns.

The ceaseless moaning of life's troubled sea
 Jarred harshly on my ear,
 Till the sweet voice that sang of heaven and thee,
 I could no longer hear.

Now all is hushed ; the cares that haunt the day,
 The wearied soul release :
 And the great Earth lifts up her hands to pray,
 Clad in her robes of peace.

A low, sad murmur, like a whispered psalm,
 Floats softly on the air :
 And the sweet peace, the holy Sabbath calm,
 Falls on my heart like prayer.

All the sweet summers of our love, that lay
 With the glad past entombed ;
 The rose-bud hours, that paled and fled away,
 Ere their young beauty bloomed,

Like silent spectres from a far-off land,
 Come stealing round me now :
 I feel their gentle clasp upon my hand,
 Their pale lips on my brow.

I mourn them not ; with prophet eyes I see
 All the great hopes untold :
 The wondrous gifts the FUTURE bears to me,
 Within its giant hold.

Great gifts, and holy ; strength to bear unmoved
 Till the long night be o'er ;
 Then peace at last, and rest with thee, Beloved,
 Upon a Sabbath shore.

Brooklyn, (Conn.)

E. C. H.

THE MARBLE FAUN: COMPLETED.

THERE are, we doubt not, thousands of our readers who have perused with pleasure the fascinating romance of the 'Marble Faun,' lately given to the world by the accomplished HAWTHORNE. But though the novel is claimed to possess a remarkable amount of 'artistic finish,' it cannot be denied that a vast number of obtuse individuals declare themselves utterly unable to see where the finish comes in. Among these heathen who know nothing of Suggestive Art, one has gone so far as to say that the information that HILDA had a hopeful soul, and saw sun-light on the mountain-tops, is by no means a satisfactory clearing up of the darkness in which most of the *dramatis personæ* are left. Others have wished to have the obscure points of DONATELLO'S ears cleared up, and the majority in fact appear to have been a little puzzled with this or that bit of chiaroscuro.

Great minds, however, never condescend to explain, but leave all that sort of thing to commentators. Therefore, I for one have ventured on a guess, leaving to others full liberty to write different conclusions if they choose. Should the conclusion here attempted be *really* different in any particular from what the author intended, the public will of course soon be informed of the deviation.

To the few who have not read 'the best guide-book for Italy,' it should be mentioned that as regards plot, Monte Beni is not, as has been popularly supposed, a variety of three-card monte, or of any other game, but is the name of a place in Italy, the birth-place of a family descended, according to legend, from a sylvan god. The members of this family show their origin by retaining the pointed ears of the *dii sylvestres*. The last of the name, DONATELLO, goes to Rome, where he falls in love with a 'mysterious' beauty, named MIRIAM, and very properly throws over the Tarpeian rock a half-demoniac wretch, who has made her life miserable. Owing to this deed, which under the circumstances would in most parts of America be regarded as an act of common politeness, DONATELLO takes to being miserable and remorseful, 'agonizing' with all his might, and progressing generally toward the average standard of idiocy and popular vulgar melancholy. Mingled with their destinies are a 'pure soul,' HILDA, who copies pictures and has art-religious, pre-Raphaelite tendencies, and KENYON, a sculptor. The arrest of MIRIAM and DONATELLO as principals in a murder, and of HILDA as witness, with the discharge of the latter, complete the romance. What became of them all, has been so far unanswered.

THE gorgeous visions which seem to hang immutably reposeful over the heaven of the artist's soul, are never surely impelled on a preordained and unswerving track. The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle could indeed toil at the mid-night lamp, that he might give to posterity a chart and compass to aid it in unrolling the trackless waste of history, for the scholar is constant, but the artist never. So it came to pass that Kenyon changed his mind and resolved with heartfelt hopefulness not to pack his trunks and take the next steamer from Civita Vecchia, but to await his destiny in Rome. Could he have taken the white wings of Hilda's snowy doves, he would undoubtedly have gone back to New-York, though methinks that like aspirations, if closely scanned, would well deserve to be bridled, since they are evidently such horses as a grand old proverb defines beggars' wishes to be.

Hilda's soul was a medium of that penitential pathos through which hope gleams like a spoon through thin blue-milk. Her large orbs vibrated tenderly at the suggestion, for she looked upon life not as a stereoscope, but as a radiating mirror. The same old priest who had heard her first confession had left Rome on police business, to which

he was ardently devoted, being enabled by his skill as a detective to eke out the slender pittance with which his extraordinary piety and singular austerity were so inadequately rewarded. He was what in the Roman dialect is called a *coppo volante*, or fly copp, a term expressive of preëminence in minor municipal executive diplomacy. But before his departure, he had transferred the tender duty of arguing with Hilda to Father O'Whack, an Irish priest of the Propaganda. In the peculiar state of tearfulness in which Hilda's soul had adjusted itself to repose, this change was eminently beneficial. The point of view around which the theology of O'Whack revolved, was apparently quite secular and mundane—in fact, with the exception of an unguarded allusion to 'thim divils of Prodistants' he seldom made it aware to Hilda that he was speaking of religion at all. But she felt the occult cheerfulness of a sentiment which lies beyond argument, and a perennial jubilee twined in cryptic arabesques of azure light around her soul.

CHAPTER SECOND.

ROME is a stupendous mass of over-clouded misery, where the stumbling foot-step of the sorrowful traveller flies from the cess-pool to take refuge in the tomb. To those gifted with finer feelings, its innumerable works of art, its sky, its violets, its palaces, its cultivated social circles, its grassy arches, and its trailing vines, are a wreck of desolation which crush the ruined heart with ponderous gloom. Man of marble though he was, Kenyon at times blanched before the irrevocable, and went a little way out of town to the gardens of the Villa Borghese. Here, though crime quivered in every leaf and eternal misery grated in the gravel-walks, he was, not happier; for there is no happiness on earth, especially for the good; but a little easier. Here, too, there were unquestionably, miles below his feet, rows under rows of unsuspected dungeons, where innocence shrieked in torture, and modern science raked amid the crumble of old crimes to devise nameless agonies. But this at least was out of sight, though Kenyon could never forget that the violets were rooted in decay, and that the ilexes sent their fibres down into blood.

He was seated one evening on the summit of one of the seven hills of Rome, which summit I should observe, by the way, had had the point removed, in order to render it a fit resting-place for the traveller. About this period of our narrative, he was joined by Hilda, who advanced, bearing in her hand 'Galignani' and a small parasol, while a snow-white dove flew in regular circles around her head, and occasionally alighted on the summit of her new white rep silk hat, where it playfully plucked at the ruche. From the tearful radiance of her wondrous eyes Kenyon judged that a new scene had shifted in the drama of life.

‘My beloved friend,’ she exclaimed to her husband, ‘I have discovered a new emanation of the Dutiful. I have been praying at the shrine of St. Rococo !

‘And I, love, will pray there with you,’ cried Kenyon. ‘Let me repay confidence with confidence. This very afternoon, by the advice of Father O’Whack, I joined the secular brotherhood of the Dilettanti monks.’

‘I had thought we all belonged to that society from the first chapter,’ said Hilda wonderingly.

‘So we did, love,’ answered her husband-artist; ‘we were all born in it. There may be some doubt, perhaps, as to Donatello, but he soon became one of us.’

And drawing from his bosom a locket, he opened it by touching a dark and mysterious spring, and exposed to the wondering gaze of Hilda a picture of Santo Dilettanto, the great father of the order. It seemed to her eyes — but they were dimmed by tears, and it may be that she saw obscurely — the picture of the oldest stage model in Rome, whose face is in every gallery in Christendom, gazing at a landscape reflected in a second-hand mirror.

Hilda was about to make an ineffable utterance, when the attention of both was suddenly attracted by so startling a phenomenon that I must delay its description, as is usual, to another chapter.

CHAPTER THIRD.

THE phenomenon was that of Miriam, who walked queen-like along with both hands in the side-pockets of her travelling-coat, followed by Donatello, who held tenderly and confidingly to her apron-string.

Before proceeding further, I beg leave to explain a trifle or two which I left in obscurity owing to the confusion inseparable from changing my plot two or three times, and neglecting to adjust the differences which ensued. It should be observed that Donatello, in changing his nature — like the young lady in the vaudeville of the *Fille de Marbre* — from that of a work of art to humanity, had also assumed the weaknesses of man; in fact, he had been moulded into the *very* weak form of a fast young man about town, as conceived and displayed by the youthful Roman nobility of the present day. This consists of being *assai Inglese* — very English — as English as possible, according to Italian ideas of that somewhat complicated character.

The feet of Donatello were encased in a pair of Transteverine boots, with soles an inch and a half thick, which were not only very English, but also well adapted to the dry climate of Rome and to the habits of a young gentleman who never walked above half a mile at a time in any weather. His clothes were of the ancient English cut, all made

of ferocious red and green plaid ; and around his neck was a new sky-blue handkerchief, with white spots, popularly known as a 'bird's eye.' He was growing shoulder-of-mutton whiskers ; had his hair cropped down to fighting size, possibly with a view to domestic differences ; and 'sporting' a very large gilt lorgnon, carefully screwed into one eye, through which he regarded the world in general, and Kenyon and Hilda in particular with a stare of unabashed unrecognized impudence. After him walked a great, wall-eyed, hammer-headed, bow-legged blackguardly bull-dog — an object envied by all the *élite* of young Rome as the most English-y portion of Donatello's equipments.

But the most startling, the most stupendous and terrifying phenomenon connected with Donatello yet remains to be described. It was of so extraordinary a nature as to well nigh frighten faith back to the primordial chaos of antique Pyrrhonism. On either side of his English stove-pipe hat, from whose flat rim pieces had been cut to allow them place, stood up two enormous, hairy jackass ears, fully equal in length to those of any *asino* in all the Romagnas. There was no effort at concealing them, nay, there seemed to be a pride and a pure joy in their propinquity. It was an enjoyment for which a creature of the happy tribes below us, such as dandies and donkies, sometimes shows a capacity ; a man seldom or never.

Miriam had been sadly perplexed when her husband, impelled by Anglo-mania, had first moved away his hair and shown his ears. But she was a woman of wit, and remembering a fable in *Æsop*, hit upon the bold expedient of bringing him out as a *lion*. The effort succeeded beyond her most sanguine hopes. They were overwhelmed with notoriety, and Donatello, with tender attentions from young ladies of every nation. He could be seen seven evenings in the week in an English, an American or other foreign reünion with a dozen damsels around him fondling his funny ears, while he gazed at them through his gilt lorgnon with his stare of brazen complacency, varied by an occasional wink at those whose charms or caresses had most delighted him.

He seemed to be inclined on the present occasion to cut Hilda and Kenyon altogether, as a couple of low and slow Bohemians whom he had possibly met somewhere, but had no desire to remember. But in the soul of Miriam there still thrilled a spark of that ethereal loveliness which ripples like moon-light on the waters in hearts of a superior quality, and without hesitation she at once stopped and greeted them with fascinating politeness. Then, taking one hand from her pocket, she seized Donatello by the right ear, and drawing him forward, compelled him by a significant glance to exhibit his accomplishments. He at once fell into a brilliant and active paroxysm of courteous conversation, which, to the astonishment of Hilda, was in perfect English.

She knew not that the subtle intellect of Miriam, penetrating as the sirocco of the desert, had instilled into his growing mind as it rose like a star into the sky of civilized life, the tongue of Shakspeare. Intercourse with the young English gentlemen in Rome had finished her task. They had nicknamed Donatello Dough Nut, and he had received the new name with gratitude and pleasure. Without removing his glass, he rapidly exclaimed: 'D'lighted to see you Mem; stunnin' weather, is n't it? Saw you in the crowd at Bembolino's tother night — quite beastly, was n't it? Bem's generally rather slow and muffy — as Lord Chester called it, 'shady.' Just then Contessa Crepolini came along — stunnin' fine girl, is n't she? 'Chester,' said I, 'if that's your talk, there's a party who makes a sun shine in a *shady* place.' 'Well, Dough Nut, she makes *you* shine to-night, at any rate,' said Chester, and ——

Here Miriam, who had evidently listened with pride and gratification to her young husband, and who in fact was pleased at the opportunity afforded him to display his progress in humanity and small talk, again took him by the ear, and twitching it quickly, caused him to utter a sound not unlike a bray, which was succeeded by silence as naturally as the dry leaves of autumn succeed the emerald freshness of summer in the forests of Arno, or indeed in any other place. She sat down between Hilda and Kenyon, and while Donatello amused himself with studying the general effect of his boots, entered into that soulful and prayerful communion of heart with heart, shadowed in the mellow cadence of echoing tones, such as always distinguishes the conversation of the Dilettanti brother and sisterhood, and the *modern* sentimental worshippers at the shrine of St. Laura Matilda Rococo.

'My dear creatures,' she exclaimed, 'you must really believe now that I'm *delighted* to see you, though really I've been going out so *much* this winter into society, that I have n't had a *minute* to spare to spare to call on you. But then, really as we *were* actually together all through that *horrid* affair, we must n't cut one another *dead*, you know, though I believe poor Dough Nut there was just on the point of doing it. Oh! *has n't* he improved since he left off those *horrid* ways, and those *dreadful* clothes? You've no idea *what* a pet he has been all this winter. The Pope has sent for him, Antonelli has sent for him, every Duchess in Rome has pulled his ears, (Dough Nut, my love, just hold your head down and let Mrs. Kenyon feel your ears.) That's a duck.'

'But how was it?' cried Hilda with the fond fervor of a trusting soul, which had knelt tearfully before the holy purity of Raphael, 'how was it, Mrs. Monte Beni, that none of us ever found that he had such ears?'

She murmured this with a tender blush of irreproachable piety.

Miriam uttered a fond smile, whose light rested on the tail of her husband's dog.

'My dear child, it's very odd, but to tell the *truth*, his ears were only *wee bits of things* in those days. They did n't *begin* to grow until he took to worrying in such a *perfectly* absurd manner because he killed old What's-his-name. It can't be denied, my love — we all made donkies of ourselves then. But with poor Dough Nut, it went straight to his ears and struck out. But, Hilly, my pet, do n't say any thing about it, it's the *mystery* of the thing which makes him such a lion. The people here think it's nothing but the immense antiquity of the Monte Beni blood which causes it, and while they believe *that*, they 'd think him lovely if they saw him in a cart drawing cabbages.'

'Ah!' exclaimed Hilda in an altered and tremulous tone, but with an accent of divine resignation as she upcast the moon-light of her gaze at the fine Greek features of her friend. But suddenly changing her voice to a tone which recalled to her husband the color of Paolo Veronese mingled with the sterner conceptions of Caravaggio, she shouted in a soft whisper:

'But my dear Mrs. Monte Beni, what under the sun became of you during the Carnival? We heard that you had been — excuse me for saying so — arrested by those dreadful creatures. Though I must say they treated me very politely, only that the police stole my brushes and combs, and such a dreadful time as I had to do my hair up you never —'

'Ah! my dear child, it was all your fault; you always were a shocking little goose, you know,' replied Miriam, plunging her statuesque hand into the pocket of her coat, and bringing from its depths a bundle of cigarettes. ('Dough Nut, get me a light!') But as I was saying, we were all a parcel of geese together; then — you do n't smoke, my love; Dr. Smith has recommended it for my neuralgia, and Cardinal de Londras smuggles them in for me. Well, my dear, as Dough Nut and I were masquerading about — I had on the *sweetest Contadina* you ever saw; I wore it the other evening at the English embassy, and it made a perfect sensation — well, a gentleman whispered in our ears that we were to go quietly with him to the *Giustizia*. Of course poor Dough Nut resisted, but it was useless.'

Donatello's advance in social development had been so rapid, and his good breeding was so perfect, that during the entire conversation he had not as yet manifested a shadow of intelligence or attention. But hearing himself referred to, he remarked:

'I had n't learned to box then, you know. But I polished one of those very same fellows off the other night in the Ripetta. Did it stunnin'. Tapped him on the beak so you 'd think a young horse had kicked him.'

‘That will do, Dough Nut. Well, my dear, after you had gone and confessed, of *all* the things to do! Why, when I heard it, I said of course that you’d done so just to get a mouthful of English, as there were nobody but Italians of the *basso ceto* in town then. Well, of course, the Padre trotted off to the police, and then the *whole story* came out. But Dough Nut behaved bravely, and asked for *proofs*. Of *course*, my dear, *your* word was good for nothing, and you know how these Italians are; every body believed, and most of them *do yet*, that you were dreadfully *jealous*, and in love with Dough Nut. In fact, it was what the American papers call an *embroglio*; but then we had too much money for them to let us fly.’

‘Ah!’ cried Hilda, as a pious blush suffused itself in an indefinite succession of waves incarnadine over her saintly countenance, which recalled the purest inspirations of the old schools of art; ‘ah! I see. And that dear, delightful, charming necklace, for which I thank you millions, and mill —’

‘My dear Mrs. Kenyon,’ remarked Miriam, with somewhat frozen politeness, ‘you must certainly be aware that when a gift is sent without a card or note, it is intended to hint that the giver wishes to be spared gratitude and thanks, and a *scene*, and all that sort of thing. Well, they were all puzzled to know *what* to do with us, until finally a brilliant idea occurred to Antonelli. *Don’t* mention it, my love, for all the world; but the fact *is*, these cardinals are all wild with spirit-rapping, and the dear old Pope himself is *quite remarkable* as a medium. He finds it convenient in making arrangements for people in the other world. By-the-way, dear, Dough Nut and I have engaged an elegant summer-house in Paradise for our *villagiatura* and a winter place outside the walls of Purgatory, where we have the heat taken through our house for nothing. Well, they asked us if we’d be willing to have that horrid old What-d’ye-call-em? I never *can* remember these tiresome people’s names — called up.

‘It was quite a sight to behold, I assure you, to see us all sitting there around the table, the Santo Padre in the middle. You should have seen how poor Dough Nut pricked up his ears at every sound, or at any thing like a rap. By-and-by his Holiness began to pound; he does it in a *very* peculiar way, my dear; he stands up and makes his blows after the manner of a boxer at the centre of a Chinese gong.

‘Ya-äs,’ exclaimed Donatello, arousing himself once more; ‘he struck straight out from the shoulder, and milled the old dinner-kettle like winkey. Quite stunnin’.

‘Such a dreadful noise as it made; and there was one Father O’ Whack present, who was *so* excited —’

‘Regular lushy,’ interrupted Donatello.

'Oh! it was *quite* a scene. Donatello got to dancing—you remember his old tricks—until his long ears came out, which frightened Cardinal Briccone *half to death*, and thinking it was *Satan*, he began to exorcise and excommunicate poor Dough Nut altogether. Finally order was restored, and horrid old What-d'ye call-em began to manifest, I think they call it. And what *do* you think he said?'

'Nay, I know not,' sighed Hilda, in tearful expectancy. 'But was he not dreadfully angry?'

'Not at all, my dear. He seemed quite delighted to see Dough Nut, and told that so far from having committed any crime, his intentions in the matter were marked down to his credit. It seems they've made a sort of assistant book-keeper of him in the Chancellerie of the other world, and he makes out the bills.'

'Methinks I would we had known this before,' murmured Hilda. 'T would have saved much suffering. Yet why should we not suffer? The divine Raphael suffered, Correggio suffered; all who are down in Kugler's Hand-Book suffered—'

'Ya-äs,' rejoined Donatello, 'and the Pope made the gong suffer some when he got a fair bat on it.'

'Yes, my dear,' added Miriam. 'And what do you think! Old What-d'ye-call-em said that just as Donatello caught hold of him, he had made a jump for the purpose of committing suicide! When he arrived in the other world they put him, he said, further down in Purgatory than — what was it he said, Dough Nut?'

'Further than a lie could travel in six weeks. But when they found that he had had a Roman nobleman of the first families to aid in his death, they moved him up-stairs several stories. Altogether it was a lucky thing for him that we put it into his head to jump, for he had just got to the margin of his credit, and if he had lived a day longer he would have had to go to —'

'The Coal-Hole,' interrupted Donatello, with some tact.

'But though he admitted we had benefited him, he of course begged; monks are always begging —'

'Ya-äs,' said Donatello, 'he wanted to know if we would n't stand something to get him out of the jug. And a pretty big figure it was, too — stunnin'!'

And Donatello, with a faint revival of his old spirit, drew his forefinger through the air, along any imaginary line which in the mind of the observer might be filled with a long array of figures, terminated with the word *scudi*. But to the careful soul of Hilda, (fraught with dreams of the sacred Urbino,) which always went *backwards* into the past, the sign read: \$—000,000,000. And Hilda gazed tenderly into the eyes of Miriam, for she knew that a draft had been cashed by Pakenham and Hooker, or Torlonia, or some of their empalaced bank-

ers, which must have been great indeed. For she was a sentient daughter of the silicious soil whereon they worship THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR; and though she knelt not in raptured adoration at its shrine, some of the wild old faith still warmed her veins, and like all copyists, she knew the value of an order. In fact, she occasionally prayed for them with naïve and tender devotion.

And Miriam condescendingly pressed her card into Hilda's hand and vanished amid the shimmering sunset light and the dancing leaves. After her went the faun made human; after the faun, the big bull-dog; after the big bull-dog, the glances of the impassioned Hilda and the philosophic Kenyon.

'Beloved! how beautiful they are!' sighed Hilda. 'There *was* a time,' she continued, 'when I dreamed that I was better than fashionable people such as they; better than worldlings; better, in fact, than any thing or any body who did not talk fine and think fine in the latest dilettanti style. But I now feel that while the teachers and preachers on art are such as *we*, the expression of culture and refinement in society must ever be such as *they* set forth. 'T is part of a great social system, my beloved. Let us sentimentalize!'

And they arose and went home to tea.

MOURN NOT FOR THE PAST.

MOURN not for the past, 't is a dream that has fled,
 Its sunshine has vanished, its garlands are dead;
 Deep, deep in its shadows bright hopes are laid low,
 Oh! call them not back to the land whence they go.
 They have passed, but a voice lingers now on my ear,
 In accents which fall from a sunnier sphere:
 'Mourn not, child of Earth, for the hopes that have set;
 Bright stars are above thee which beam for thee yet.'

Mourn not for the past, though it hold in its gloom,
 Loved forms that have sunk to their rest in the tomb;
 Fond voices that rang in the laugh and the song,
 And faces that smiled as they flitted along.
 Oh! call them not back, for they went in their mirth,
 Ere their hearts had been chilled by the frosts of the earth,
 And 't is well to lie down with the song yet unsung,
 And wake its first notes in a heavenly tongue.

Then yield not to sorrow, for life's darkest day
 Gives many a sunbeam to brighten thy way;
 But glean from the past, from each blessing that flies,
 A gem to illumine thy crown in the skies.
 The future is o'er thee; the present is thine,
 To shroud it in sadness, or make it divine;
 To sink on life's ocean, or find on its wave
 A halo that breaks e'en the gloom of the grave.

J. R. G.

L A S O L I T A I R E .

The stars are in the azure set,
 And moon-light plates the lea;
 I leave the land without regret,
 And seek the dark blue sea.

The summer wind is in the sail,
 Its whispers shake the shrouds;
 Anon, I hear the petrel's wail,
 And watch the shifting clouds.

The blue waves sing before the keel,
 And music fills the air;
 A wake of silver at the heel
 Reflects a phosphor glare.

Oh! rapidly rolls out the sea
 Toward the Hesper isles:
 Oh! swiftly from the shore I flee,
 And leave its hated wiles.

It matters little what my fate
 In future time may be,
 For dead alike to love and hate,
 No fate can alter me.

My morn of life that brightly dawned
 Has faded into night;
 And all the friends that on me fawned
 Have vanished out of sight.

Ah! was it well, O summer friends!
 To wrong a trusting heart?
 Ah! was it well, O summer friends!
 To rend my better part?

With love and hope I came to you,
 And trusted all you said;
 Bereft of all, I went from you,
 All loveless — hopeless — dead.

I will not make a single moan,
 Nor chide you for the past,
 For I am in the world alone,
 And life is fading fast.

Kingston-on-the-Hudson, 1860.

Yet *one* there was, O God above!
 Whom I loved next to THEE:
 'Oh! she,' I said, 'will faithful prove
 Though all the world spurn me.'

Alas! a Lamia she proved,
 And stung me with the rest;
 She heard my prayers and sobs un-
 moved,
 And answered with a jest.

The wintry day was black and wild
 When from her face I stole —
 Yet not so wintry, black, nor wild
 The day as my own soul.

O ELLELEE! O ELLELEE!
 I thought you good and true:
 Oh! had you only clung to me
 My life had grown anew.

My eyes are filled with blinding tears;
 My pulses throb with pain:
 The smothered wrongs of dreadful
 years
 Rise burning to my brain.

Deep mid-night draws across the sea
 And blots out star and moon;
 The sea-bird screams in agony
 Above the fierce monsoon.

Slow thunders shake the murky sky,
 And lightnings stab the gloom;
 The inky waves run mountains high,
 And sea-fiends chaunt my doom.

Sweep down, O night of storm and fire!
 And hurl me any where,
 So I but flee the giant-liar
 Who makes the land his lair.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES. BY GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE. In one Volume: pp. 233.
New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Number 115, Nassau-street.

THIS little volume, consisting of sketches of three eminent Americans, who have adorned their different walks of art, COOPER, COLE, and CRAWFORD, with a partial review of WASHINGTON IRVING's works at the end, it is not too much to say, is one of the 'gems' of our current literature. We give a rapid glance at its contents. At the close of the sketch of COOPER, there is much felicitous writing, much masterly criticism. Take for example the following :

'We have, then, three characters from the common walks of life, each admirably fitted for his humble calling, and all equally raised above it by traits perfectly consistent with what it required or imposed. Love of country, pure and disinterested, makes the peddler a hero; the intrepid, loyal, upright, and devout character of the scout gives a charm and an authority to his words which mere rank and wealth can never command; and the simple-hearted coxswain, who draws you to him in life by his earnestness and purity, the defects as well as the beauties of his character, rises almost to the grandeur of martyrdom in his death. This power of elevating the lowly by the force of a high moral principle, was one of the most striking characteristics of COOPER's genius; and it is the more deserving of remark, inasmuch as it is a power which he drew from the peculiar elevation of his own moral nature.'

But condensed and expressive as is this passage, the subjoined impresses us still more forcibly :

'But for COOPER, the ocean was a gladness and a love. He comes to it as you draw nigh to your home, with the certainty that there are joys there which no other spot can give, and feelings which nothing else can awaken. His heart seems to bound with the wave, and his veins to thrill as the gale that has been careering so wildly over spaces immeasurable falls with its ocean fragrance on his brow. There is a music for him in the dashing wave — a human sympathy in that ceaseless heaving of the mighty billows. The calm is full of gentle thoughts and quiet longings which bring their own reward. Sky and ocean seem to mingle together; and, as the distant clouds that floating in seeming idleness through space, are still adding to their stores and moving onward toward the spot where they are to burst in whirlwinds, or fall in beneficent showers, so his dreamy eye roams listlessly over the heaving mass, drawing in thoughts and images, and strength to bring them forth. His gales are as terrific as sky and ocean and human feeling combined can make them. He watches the gathering clouds, and reads the fearful omens that lie written on their darkening folds. Nature hushes in silent awe, and the ocean itself, as if conscious of the awful part it is about to perform in this fearful war of elements, stills for a moment its throbbing, and awaits in solemn suspense the signal of strife. Then come lurid gleams in the sky, and sudden darkness, and from afar,

a hollow roaring of the rushing winds. The billows leap up in their joy to meet the wild gusts that give forth their own triumphant shout as they catch the spray on their wings, and speed it through the air. And tossing wildly and helplessly like that spray, now yielding tremblingly to the shock, and now breasting the relentless billows with desperate energy, is some noble offspring of human genius, with its mingled charge of human fears and human hopes. And it is in the midst of these that he places you. It is from that wave-washed deck, your frame quivering with the quivering hull, your ears stunned by the sullen roar of the billows and the ominous sounds which the winds call forth from spar and rope, that you look forth into the gloom and strive eagerly to read the fate that lies hidden in its mysterious depths. And thus intermingling human interests with the interest which is inseparable from the great phenomena of nature, and while he gives reality to every thing by the accuracy of his details, awakening the solemn sense of the awful and the sublime, by calling up the mysterious train which follows the path of the storm, and those forms, felt, but unseen, which pervade immensity as with a bodily presence, he forms the most powerful pictures that ever have been drawn of nature in her grandest and most terrific aspects.'

From the sketch of COLE we quote a single passage, the applicability of which to the writer himself, is apparent in the view of one who has occasion to know what monuments he is capable of rearing for himself, could he but devote his uninterrupted leisure to the great historical works which have been projected in his mind:

'Few think what a wasting power this longing for better things has, and how the mind, constrained to live in an atmosphere which is not its own, exhausts its strength in little efforts, loses the relish of present enjoyment because it sees nothing to look to in the future, strives, struggles, resists; escaping now and then to its own world, to shudder and shrink as the cold reality comes and forces it back again to its dungeon; and dragging on through life, wearied and disheartened by the bitter consciousness that it has the capacity to do great things which it will never be permitted to do.'

'And men look on and laugh at the impractical spirit which would pretend to mould things according to its own views. 'The more fool he! If he can't do one thing, let him do another. It is the law of life, which he cannot hope to change, and the sooner he makes up his mind to accept it, the better. If not, why, let him pine and die, too, if he choose; the world will be none the worse off for it.'

'Perhaps not. And yet, would we not like to see what CHATTERTON might have done for us with a mind at ease? Tens of thousands have owed some of their happiest moments to the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' Would the sum of human enjoyment have gained nothing, if GOLDSMITH had been allowed to write for mankind instead of writing for the booksellers? DRYDEN wrote plays to adapt himself to the times, and BURNS was set to gauge beer as a reward for his poetry, and ARNOLD exhausted upon a school the energies that might have given us a perfect history of Rome. The spirit of the times is a big word, and men love to use it, sometimes as a pretext, and sometimes as an apology. But there are evil spirits that walk the earth, as well as good ones; and none among them more evil and more accursed than those which wantonly deride the earnest mind, and rob the world of things which would have made it happier and better.'

The subjoined vivid picture of the first conception of the '*Orpheus*,' by CRAWFORD, is a flash of feeling in the biographer closely akin to that which produced the creation of the sculptor, which the writer is presenting to his readers:

'One day when I went to join him for our evening walk, I found him with a new sketch upon his stand; a figure about a foot high, leaning forward as if in rapid motion, the right hand raised to shade the eyes, a lyre in the left, and at its feet a three-headed dog. It was the first study of the '*Orpheus*.' The struggle was over, and he was full master of his powers. As soon as the irons could be prepared the clay was set up and the work begun. Month passed after month, spring bloomed into summer, and the fruits of autumn were ripe for their garner before his hand rested from its labors. Never before had he known, to its full, the raptures of creation. His mind was in a perpetual glow. His imagination, no longer agitated by fluctuating impulses, seemed to bear him onward with a firm and powerful current. Every touch of the skillful hand brought out some new grace. He saw the firm resolve, softened by a beauty almost feminine, diffuse itself over the features as he had conceived it in the recesses of his imagination. He saw the yielding clay assume a flesh-like surface and the delicate limbs stiffen into the rigor of muscular exertion. He felt that, at last, his hand was true to his thoughts; and come now what might, neglect, or poverty, or early death, he had proved his birthright, and established his claim to be numbered among the poets of art.'

This is immediately followed by a quotation from a letter of CRAWFORD to his sister, which to those who have seen the *Orpheus*, brings the image of that wonderful production with greater force before the imagination, than all which we have read about it elsewhere: 'I AM writing,' says he, in a letter to his sister, 'in the midst of a terrible thunder-storm, and can scarcely proceed for the incessant flashes of lightning, which dart every moment into the window of my studio. My statue of *Orpheus* is before me, and when I look upon it in the midst of the thick darkness which is brightened occasionally by a glow of rapid red light, it is difficult to persuade myself that this inanimate creation of mine is not starting from its pedestal and actually rushing into the realms of PLUTO.' 'Desirous to please,' even still farther, we cite the following: 'For sunshine and dew, the riches of the earth and of the air, do not enter more freely into the infinite combinations of vegetable life, than do the materials of inspiration which lie every where around him, into the poet's thought. Whatever he looks upon catches life from his eye. Whatever he touches glows with responsive warmth. His step calls forth fragrance from the earth: and his voice fills the air with celestial harmonies.'

In a comparison of IRVING and GOLDSMITH, Professor GREENE observes, with equal truth and felicity of expression:

'He has written no poem, no 'Traveller,' no 'Deserted Village,' no exquisite ballad like 'The Hermit,' no touching little stanzas of unapproachable pathos, like 'Woman.' But how much real poetry and how much real pathos has he not written. We do not believe that there was ever such a description of the song of a bird as his description of the soaring of a lark in 'Buckthorn;' and the poor old widow in the 'Sketch-Book' who, the first Sunday after her son's burial, comes to church with a few bits of black silk and ribbon about her, the only external emblem of mourning which her poverty allowed her to make, is a picture that we can never look at through his simple and graphic periods without sobbing like a child. Poet he is, and that too of the best and noblest kind, for he stores our memories with lovely images, and our hearts with humane affections. If you would learn to be kinder and truer, if you would learn to bear life's burden manfully, and make for yourself sunshine where half your fellow-men see nothing but shadows and gloom, read and meditate GOLDSMITH and IRVING. And if you too are an author, at the first gentle acclivity or far upwards on the heights of fame, learn to turn backward to your teacher with the same generous and fervent gratitude with which IRVING at the close of his preface addresses himself to GOLDSMITH in the noble language of DANTE:

'Thou art my master, and my teacher thou;
It was from thee, and thee alone, I took
That noble style for which men honor me.'

IRVING's 'Life of WASHINGTON' is introduced by an anecdote of IRVING's having been held up by his Scotch nurse and 'introduced' to General WASHINGTON, while walking in Broadway. The incident, as we have heard Mr. IRVING relate it, occurred one beautiful Sunday morning, as General WASHINGTON, the 'observed of all observers,' was coming out of Saint PAUL's church, where he had been devoutly worshipping. Mr. IRVING's peculiar and admirable qualifications to become the biographer of WASHINGTON, and the reception of his work by the public, are well set forth in the subjoined brief extract:

'MANY concurring causes seem to have pointed out Mr. IRVING as the historian of WASHINGTON. He had been the first to tell the story of COLUMBUS fully, and to paint the struggles of that sublime genius in truthful and enduring colors. He was known to have a rare talent for the study of character, seizing readily upon those delicate shades and nice distinctions which, though essential to the truth of a portrait, and often the only

clue to apparent contradictions, escape the common eye. He was acknowledged to be one of the best of narrators, full of life and movement, carrying you from scene to scene with an interest that never flags, possessing all the warmth of a poet, and yet free from that melodramatic exaggeration which is the worst falsifier of history. He was the master of a pure English style, addressing itself, with its graphic epithets and rich cadences, to the understanding and the heart, and filling the ear with a delicious melody that thrills you like music. And with all this he had lived in the world, and that in an age full of great events; had mingled freely in the society of different nations; had met face to face the great men of his time; had seen kings upon their thrones, savage chiefs in their native wilds, generals fresh from the battle-field, statesmen surrounded with the pageantry of office, or mourning in involuntary retirement the loss of a power that had become essential to their happiness. He had lived, too, in delightful intercourse with the monarchs of the mind, the great poets who, from the seclusion of their closets, sent forth words that were repeated with rapture in courts and cottages, on the ocean and by the watch-fire; and he had seen them pass away one by one, renewing the lesson of ages, that he who would live in the hearts of men must live for mankind.'

Professor GREENE, who is himself well nigh the completion of a great work upon the life and correspondence of his grandfather, the friend of WASHINGTON, and the hope of the country, next to him, in the darkest and stormiest days of its history, is well qualified to discuss the merits of such a production as the last of IRVING'S. The following noble passage closes the remarks upon it, and the book which contains them :

'It is eminently a national work, upon which they can all look with unmingled pride. It has not merely enriched our literature with a production of rare beauty, but has given new force to those local associations which bind us, as with hallowed ties, to the spots where great men lived and great things were done. Few will now cross the Delaware without remembering that Christmas night of tempest and victory. Who can look upon the heights of Brooklyn without fancying that, as he gazes, the spires and streets fade from his view, while in their stead stern and anxious faces rise through the misty air, and amid them the majestic form of WASHINGTON, with a smile of triumph just lighting for a moment his care-worn features, at the thought of the prize he has snatched from the grasp of a proud and exulting enemy? And Princeton, and Valley Forge, and Monmouth, and the crowning glory of Yorktown—how do they live anew for us! With what perennial freshness will their names descend to posterity! And those two noble streams that flow to the sea through alternations of pastoral beauty and rugged grandeur, the lovely Potomac, the majestic Hudson, how have they become blended by these magic pages in indissoluble association. The one the cherished home of WASHINGTON, the seat of his domestic joys, his rural delights; looked to with eager yearning from the din of camps and battle-fields; sighed for with weary longing amid the pomp and pageantry of official greatness; to which he returned so gladly when his task had been accomplished; and which, dying with the serenity of Christian resignation, he consecrated by the holiest of all associations, the patriot's grave; the other the scene of care and triumphs; on whose banks he had passed slow days of hope deferred; whose waters had borne him to-and-fro through checkered years of dubious fortune; and had witnessed the touching sublimity of his farewell to his companions in arms, and the simple grandeur of his reception as first President of the country he has saved! How meet was it that, while his ashes repose beside the waters of the Potomac, his life should have been written on the banks of the Hudson!'

We lay down this little volume with the conviction that it will add not a little to Professor GREENE'S reputation. For beauty of style and beauty of thought, some of its passages can scarcely be surpassed. We learn from the publisher that it was thrown off hastily, in the midst of serious avocations, from a sense of the importance of giving to the public that for which no more convenient season might occur, and which, from the author's peculiar personal relations to the subjects of these biographies, ought not to be lost. It may, for aught we know, contain many imperfections: but it contains enough of what is so highly finished as to show that the author, when engaged in a work which he deems worthy of his powers, is capable of any degree of excellence at which he chooses to aim.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW FOR THE APRIL QUARTER. London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN AND LONGMANS. Edinburgh: ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK. New-York: LEONARD SCOTT AND COMPANY, 79 Fulton-street.

THE last number of the 'Blue and Yellow' opens with an article on the 'Commercial Relations of England and France.' It does not profess to deal with the objections which, on the English side of the Channel, have been urged against the Treaty, so recently concluded between those countries. Some of these objections it admits to be well-founded, and it would have 'preferred it if the French Government had been in a condition to adopt the principles of Free Trade, without any negotiation or treaty at all.' Some twenty pages are devoted to the past history and present condition of the French tariff. The objection, that the Treaty is a one-sided affair, conferring no great benefit upon England, while of solid advantage to France, is by no means met and disposed of. The remainder of the article is devoted to Wine. The reviewer grows almost 'mellow' over the thought, that there may be 'a good time coming' when the English laborer shall become as fond of his light and diluted wines as he now is of his 'alf-and-'alf or his gin.

'The Youth of MILTON' is the title of the second article; it is a very judicious and readable condensation of the facts contained in the first volume of MASSON'S Life of MILTON. A short article succeeds on 'Expense of Public Education in England,' discussing some objectionable features and suggesting measures of retrenchment and reform. 'English Local Nomenclature' is the title of the next article — and an exceedingly curious and ingenious one it is — from the same hand that furnished, some years ago, an equally interesting paper on 'English Surnames.' Let such of our readers as have not forgotten TENNYSON'S Ode on the Iron Duke read 'Civil Correspondence and Memoranda of the Duke of WELLINGTON.' The ascent to those 'shining table-lands' on which the Poet-Laureate dwells with such rapture, seems to have been made by means of the most unblushing corruption and profligacy. That 'the path of duty is the way to glory,' who can doubt — at least, who can question the patness of TENNYSON'S application? — who here reads of the Duke, as Chief-Secretary of Ireland, pensioning old ladies, giving offices to incompetent persons, and trading and jobbing even in church-livings, in order to compass his ends? One man complains that his salary in a civil office was not large enough: and he is advised to get himself ordained for the ministry, in which case he is promised a fat office and high dignity in the Church. Article Six, DE BROGLIE'S Church and Roman Empire 'will keep;' so we pass it now, to mention a paper on the alleged SHAKESPEARE Forgeries. This is a very candid and sufficiently comprehensive statement of 'a question occupying the minds of literary men to a far greater extent, and involving much deeper researches, than the forgeries of IRELAND or of CHATTERTON, or any other cognate subject which has ever obtained a prominent place in literary discussion.' We quote a few sentences as a timely contribution, during these days of exciting warfare for the 'Championship,' to the history of 'Fair Play' in Old England:

'THERE exists in the State Paper Office a (supposed) original or early copy (there is nothing on the face of the document to show which) of 'the humble petition of THOMAS POPE, RICHARD BURBADGE,' and other actors (including SHAKESPEARE) to QUEEN ELIZABETH'S Privy Council, soliciting leave to complete certain repairs of their theatre at the Black Friars. It is without date. Mr. COLLIER first printed it in his 'Annals of the Stage,' as long ago as 1831. It looks like a copy rather than an original; but we are not aware that its antiquity had been hitherto questioned. 'Its execution,' says Mr. Hamilton, 'is very neat, and to any one not minutely acquainted with the fictitious hand of these SHAKESPEARE forgeries it might readily pass as genuine.' But on examination of the handwriting generally, the forms of some of the letters in particular, and the spurious appearance of the ink, led me to the belief not only that the paper was not authentic, but that it had been executed by the same hand as the fictitious documents already discussed. This conviction I made known to the Right Hon. the Master of the Rolls; who was good enough to direct an *official inquiry* into the authenticity of the document. In accordance with this direction, on the 30th of January, Sir FRANCIS PALGRAVE, Deputy-Keeper of Public Records, J. DUFFIN HARDY, Esq., Assistant-Keeper of Public Records, and Professor BREWER, Reader at the Rolls, met Sir Frederic Madden and myself for the purpose of investigation, and after a minute and careful examination, the following unanimous decision was arrived at as to the fact of its undoubtedly spurious character. 'We, the undersigned, at the desire of the Master of the Rolls, have carefully examined the document hereunto annexed, (describing it,) and we are of opinion that the document in question is *spurious*.'

'Then follow the signatures of the three gentlemen above named, and in addition, of FREDERIC MADDEN, K.H., keeper of the MSS., British Museum, and N. E. S. A. HAMILTON, assistant deputy librarian of MSS., British Museum.

'It has been with no small surprise that this very singular announcement has been received by the literary world. We must direct the attention of our readers to the leading circumstances. The 'Record Office' (in Chancery Lane) is under the superintendence of the Master of the Rolls. The 'State Paper Office,' in Westminster, is a branch of the same department and under the same head. Each department has its own staff of superior and subordinate officers, and its own distinct class of archives. Now, as to the gentlemen engaged in the inquiry, Mr. HAMILTON's indictment of Mr. COLLIER appeared in the *Times* as long ago as last July. Since then, the controversy between him and Sir F. MADDEN, on one side, and the friends of Mr. COLLIER on the other, has never ceased to rage. The approaching publication of Mr. HAMILTON's pamphlet, which was to settle that controversy at once and forever, has been announced over and over again. It was delayed for many months; at last the delay, after so many positive announcements, became very singular, and attracted attention. *At the end of January* this document, of such importance in the case against Mr. COLLIER, discovered by Mr. HAMILTON to be spurious, is brought from its proper place in the State Paper Office to the Record Office. An 'official inquiry' takes place, and it is certified to be spurious. *In that inquiry not one of the officers of the State Paper Office, who had the custody of that document, takes part, or appears to have been present.* The certificate is signed by three officers of the Record department, and by two gentlemen wholly unconnected with that department, functionaries of the British Museum, who were then engaged in prosecuting that most crushing charge against Mr. COLLIER, in connection with this very document, in the issue of which his character, and theirs, were so very seriously involved. (!)

'We cannot but ask: is it the custom of the Master of the Rolls in an 'official' proceeding of this kind, to leave out of the inquiry the officers charged with the custody of those documents, and to decide the case without hearing the principal witnesses? Is it customary, instead, to admit *assessors* wholly unconnected with the department? If it is the custom, no one might have been a more fit assessor than Sir FREDERIC MADDEN, *if he had not been so unhappily connected with the pending quarrel.* But what place, in so august a company, has Mr. N. E. S. A. HAMILTON, sixth and junior assistant of the third class in the MS. department in the British Museum? Is *his* voice of official weight in pronouncing a portion of the archives of the realm to be genuine or spurious?

'We are quite aware of the answer which will be given to all this. We shall be told that we are 'imputing motives' to the three excellent officers of the Record Department and Rolls, whose names are also appended to this certificate, and who can only have acted through a 'laudable desire to preserve the purity of our archives.' We can only answer, most sincerely, as well as 'officially,' that any such imputation is as far as possible from our thoughts. Not only are those gentlemen above all such suspicion, but they have no connection whatever with this unhappy controversy. But we must speak the language of common-sense. Sir F. MADDEN and Mr. HAMILTON may have been actuated by a desire to 'preserve the purity of archives' of which they are not the keepers; but they were certainly *also* actuated by their desire to strengthen their case against Mr. COLLIER.

'The document has been returned to the State Paper Office with the certificate of spuriousness attached to it, but without the slightest account of the evidence on which this opinion has been formed. In spite of this verdict, to which Sir F. MADDEN and Mr. HAMILTON have pledged whatever reputation they enjoy as palæographers, the authenticity of

the paper is still maintained by the best authorities in the State Paper Office to be equal to that of any other document in the collection. We hold that Mr. COLLIER is wholly freed from the charge of forging *this* document; and, if so, Mr. HAMILTON is bound to admit him innocent of every other charge also. For that gentleman has no doubt that *all* the alleged forgeries (those of the PERKINS Folio inclusive) are by the same hand! But what then becomes of the authority of Sir F. MADDEN and Mr. HAMILTON, who pledge themselves that the document is spurious? Tried by this test, of their own selection, their evidence on the whole case is utterly worthless.'

The other articles are, 'DARWIN'S Origin of Species,' and 'France, Savoy, and Switzerland.'

FRESH HEARTS THAT FAILED THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO: with Other Things. By the Author of 'The New Priest in Conception Bay.' In one Volume: pp. 121. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

THIS little volume is understood to have proceeded from the mind and pen of the Rev. Mr. LOWELL, a brother of Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, the well-known versatile and gifted American poet. In reading several of the effusions contained in this fair-paged book, and remembering the well-earned fame of the author's poetical brother, we could but say, '*Par nobile fratrum.*' The writer observes modestly enough in his brief preface: 'Having from childhood met, now and then, and listened to the Muse of Numbers, the writer offers here a few of the things which he has learned, at different times, from her, and hopes they may not be too many.' We may assure him that there are *not* too many. Even were there a great diversity of merit in the contents of the volume, three or four such poems as we could indicate, would redeem the credit of the most indifferent one which could be selected from the book. But let us leave comment, and pass to quotation, calling preliminary attention to '*The Little Years*,' a 'Song for the Elder Graduates,' of Harvard University, 'as we do guess':

'THESE years! these years! — these naughty years!

Once they were pretty things:
Their fairy foot-falls met our ears,

Our eyes their glancing wings.
They fitted by our school-boy way;
We chased the little imps at play.

'We knew them, soon, for tricky elves;
They brought the college gown;
With thoughtful books filled up our shelves,
Darkened our lips with down:
Played with our throat, and lo! the tone
Of manhood had become our own.

'They smiling stretched our childish size;
Their soft hands trimmed our hair;
Cast the deep thought within our eyes
And left it glowing there:
Sang songs of hope in college halls,
Bright fancies drew upon the walls.

'They flashed upon us love's bright gem;
They showed us gleams of fame;
Stout-hearted work we learned from them,
And honor more than name:
And so they came and went away,
We said not go: we said not stay.

'But one sweet day, when quiet skies
And still leaves brought me thought,
When hazy hills drew forth my eyes,
And woods with deep shade fraught,
That day I carelessly found out
What work these elves had been about.

'Alas! those little rogues, the years,
Had fooled me many a day;
Plucked half the locks above my ears,
And tinged the rest all gray.
They'd left me wrinkles, great and small —
I fear that they have tricked us all.'

Much did we desire to quote '*A Walk among Memory's Graves*,' for it is full

of feeling, springing from association and reminiscence: but the execution of the stanzas which compose it is very unequal. When our bard says:

‘I PLUCKED with childish gripe
The fruit ere it was ripe,’

we feel that he has little right to complain of what ensued. What could he expect? IRVING’S ghost-damsel, who ‘died of love and green apples’ should have been a warning to him. Compare such platitudes, and forced rhyming-words, with such natural thoughts in natural words, as these:

‘The swell, ere storms begin,
When huge waves tumble in,
And fill the little bay;
So from life’s vexéd sea,
The strong, deep swell knew we,
In childhood’s peaceful day.

‘That human brotherhood,
Mingling in every mood,
Made this our life so great,
The mystic, awful bond
Still urged me forth beyond
Myself, to feel my fate:

‘One of so many more,
Whom life was laid before
Full of mysterious things;
Where every human soul,
To the great common whole,
Its lore and insight brings.

‘I look once more to see,
As at the chestnut tree
Where the far voices died,
The pleasant thoughts that played
Beneath that pleasant shade,
In troops on every side.

‘No more, no more I call!
Cool, solemn shadows fall
Down on my open mind!
For this I wandered here—
For this I called you near,
Thoughts of things long resigned;

‘They will be raised one day,
And throng about the way
Of the old dying man:
Hopes, feelings, joys that smiled
Upon him when a child,
And o’er the bright scenes ran.

‘Children in summer’s eve,
Do pluck the old man’s sleeve
And clamber up his knee;
Or draw him by the hand
To where their play-things stand,
Or their sweet sports to see.

‘Thus will these come, once more,
To lead him gently o’er
The scenes loved long ago;
And in his eldest days,
All childhood’s long left ways
Make him again to know.’

We think the originality of Mr. LOWELL’S style will be conceded by all who shall peruse his truly noble poem, ‘*The Brave Old Ship, the Orient*,’ from which, we regret to say, we have only room for one short extract: but that will sufficiently indicate its striking characteristics:

‘On the round waters wide, floated no thing beside,
But we and the stranger sail:
And a hazy sky, that threatened storm,
Came coating the heaven so blue and warm,
And ahead hung the portent of a gale;
A black bank hanging there
When the order came, to wear,
Was remembered, ever after, in the tale.

‘Across the long, slow swell
That scarcely rose and fell,
The wind began to blow out of the cloud;
And scarce an hour was gone ere the gale was fairly on,
And through our strained rigging howled aloud.

Before the stormy wind, that was maddening behind,
We gathered in our canvas farthest spread.
Black clouds had started out
From the heavens all about,
And the welkin grew all black overhead.

But though stronger and more strong
 The fierce gale rushed along,
 The stranger brought her old wind in her breast.
 Up came the ship from the far-off sea,
 And on with the strong wind's breath rushed we.
 She grew to the eye, against the clouded sky,
 And eagerly her points and gear we guessed.
 As we made her out, at last,
 She was maimed in spar and mast,
 And she hugged the easy breeze for rest.

'We could see the old wind fail
 At the nearing of our gale;
 We could see them lay their course with the wind:
 Still we neared and neared her fast,
 Hurl'd on by our fierce blast,
 With the seas tumbling headlong behind.
 She had come out of some storm, and, in many a busy swarm,
 Her crew were refitting, as they might,
 The wreck of upper spars
 That had left their ugly scars,
 As if the ship had come out of a fight.
 We scanned her well, as we drifted by:
 A strange old ship, with her poop built high,
 And with quarter-galleries wide,
 And a huge beaked prow, as no ships are build'd now,
 And carvings all strange, beside.

A Byzantine bark, and a ship of name and mark
 Long years and generations ago;
 Ere any mast or yard of ours was growing hard
 With the seasoning of long Norwegian snow.
 She was the brave old Orient,
 The old imperial Orient,
 Brought down from times afar
 Not such as our ships are,
 But unchanged in hull and unchanged in spar,
 Since mighty ships of war were build'd so.

'Down her old black side poured the water in a tide,
 As they toiled to get the better of a leak:
 We had got a signal set in the shrouds,
 And our men through the storm looked on in crowds:
 But for wind, we were near enough to speak.
 It seem'd her sea and sky were in times long, long gone by,
 That we read in winter-evens about;
 As if to other stars
 She had reared her old-world spars,
 And her hull had kept an old-time ocean out.
 We saw no signal fly, and her men scarce lifted eye,
 But toiled at the work that was to do;
 It warmed our English blood
 When across the stormy flood,
 We saw the old ship and her crew.
 The glories and the memories of other days ago
 Seem'd clinging to the old ship, as in storm she labored on.
 The old ship Orient!
 The brave, imperial Orient!'

Rugged and picturesque: a most graphic painting, with a rich brush. We wish we had room to quote the entire poem, for in its way it is a master-piece. However, we have said enough of, and quoted sufficiently from, this modest volume of verse, to give our readers a 'realizing sense' of the author's 'quality;' a quality which we venture to predict will by-and-by be ranked as 'Number One' among the bards who make up our American poetical catalogue.

SALMAGUNDI: OR THE WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS OF LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, Esq., and Others. By WILLIAM IRVING, JAMES KIRKE PAULDING, and WASHINGTON IRVING. Printed from the Original Edition: with a Preface and Notes by EVERT A. DUYCKINCK. In one Volume: pp. 412. New-York: G. P. PUTNAM, 115 Nassau-street.

THIS well-known work — well-known, and yet perhaps the least known, by the present generation of readers, of all the volumes to which Mr. IRVING's genius has contributed — is edited by Mr. DUYCKINCK, who has 'furnished a preface giving an account of the origin and authorship of the work, with some interesting anecdotes of contemporary literary history, and has added, in the form of foot-notes, such explanations of the text as the reader of the present day requires.' The '*Evening Post*' remarks, that 'in assigning the different papers of which 'Salmagundi' is made up, to their several authors, the editor is not so precise as we could wish, and the exact partition of the honors of paternity will probably be deferred for some years.' We have reason to believe, indeed to know, that in one instance, at least, a series of papers is ascribed to Mr. PAULDING which were from the pen of WASHINGTON IRVING. In reference to the former, we have spoken elsewhere, and at large, in the present number. The present volume, superbly printed upon tinted paper, and embellished with two handsome vignettes, has been followed, in the 'National Edition of IRVING's Works,' by the second of the series, the *Sketch-Book*, still more beautiful, if possible, in all the particulars we have instanced. We hold with our contemporary, that 'a volume which contains some of the wittiest and pleasantest things ever written in this country, will be widely welcomed in the admirable form which the publisher has now given it.'

THE GREAT TRIBULATION: OR THINGS COMING ON THE EARTH. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., F.R.S.E., Minister of the Scotch National Church. In one Volume: pp. 305. New-York: RUDD AND CARLTON.

'THE Great Tribulation' is not a very attractive title for a new book which comes to us from abroad, with the *prestige* of abundant success upon the other side of the Atlantic. The volume embraces the second and concluding series of lectures by Dr. CUMMING upon the momentous subject whereof it treats. The lectures, of which the volume under notice forms the concluding part, in the opinion of the best theological critics, rank among the most important of recent contributions to the *Literature of the Prophecies*. The lectures which preceded these before us, deal with the nature and marks of 'The Great Tribulation;' while the last relate to the character and condition, the hopes, happiness, and destiny, of the People of God; the 'Blessed,' to whom belong the promises of Scripture, and who will come out of '*The Great Tribulation*,' like gold from the furnace, refined and purified. To illustrate the stirring, spirited manner of the author of this book, we ask permission to cite a few expressive lines, *apropos* of the discoveries of the past and the present consecutive 'age': 'I believe that

God is in Cheapside just as much as he is in St. PAUL's Cathedral : I believe God is in your counting-houses just as much as he is in the sanctuary. You never get out of the church ; because the church is not a thing of bricks and mortar, and stones and timbers ; it is the company of God's people ; and wherever a churchman is — that is, a Christian, for all Christians are churchmen — there he is on holy ground ; and what he does, if sin, is sacrilege ; and what he does, if crime, is done in the sanctuary of God. God is just as much in the facts of history as he is in the texts of the Bible. MERLE D'AUBIGNE said his beautiful history was written to show what he has assumed as his text, God in history. Now I believe that God inspired the man that discovered printing, the man that discovered steam, the man that discovered the electric telegraph, just as truly as, though differently, he inspired the man JOHN the Evangelist, or PAUL or PETER, to write the texts in the BIBLE.' But we have said enough to tempt our readers to secure, at all hazards, '*The Great Tribulation!*' They can take it home, 'hush it up,' and gloat over it in private.

CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS : Collected and Republished. By THOMAS CARLYLE. In Four Volumes Complete : pp. 491, 490, 480, 524. Boston : BROWN AND TAGGARD, Publishers.

HERE then we have, in four clearly-printed volumes, upon paper of pure color and fine texture, the now renowned miscellaneous and critical essays of CARLYLE. The publishers, with natural good taste, have abstained from troubling their readers with a preface. It was quite sufficient for their 'patrons' to know, that in purchasing this brief series of books, they were securing to themselves the ripe judgment of so capable a critic as CARLYLE, upon the writings of RICHTER, WERNER, GOETHE, BURNS, HEYNE, VOLTAIRE, LUTHER, SCHILLER, BOSWELL, DIDERÔT, CAGLIOSTRO, EDWARD IRVING, Madame DE STAEL, MIRABEAU, and Sir WALTER SCOTT ; with numberless collateral 'issues,' branching off from these main subjects, and not to be included in title-pages, tables of contents, or in indexes. Here are considered, not in such Germanic-wise as CARLYLE afterward was in the habit of writing, but in plain down-right English prose, the writings, various and unique, of all the authors named above ; and as THOMSON says, in his '*Castle of Indolence*,' 'nameless numbers more.' An 'Article' proper upon this series of CARLYLE will appear hereafter in the KNICKERBOCKER, from a most competent pen. Meantime, 'we rest : ' simply closing with the suggestion, that our readers should secure at once an edition of CARLYLE's '*Miscellanies*,' revised and perfected for the press by himself, and placed before the public in a form which, while it does justice to *his* reputation, adds still more to the reputation of the liberal and tasteful publishers.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL HISTORICAL NARRATIVE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: NUMBER FIFTEEN. — MR. JAMES K. PAULDING, recently borne to his grave at Hyde Park, in the noble county of Dutchess, was among the very earliest of the distinguished contributors to the KNICKERBOCKER. At more or less distant intervals, communications from his pen, on a great variety of subjects, are to be found in our past pages. For these last ten years, however, we believe he wrote very little, if any thing, for the public. He always took a warm interest in our Magazine, and we are glad to be able to add, ever manifested a kindly regard for its Editor. Many were the encouraging words which he addressed to us: letters of cordial approval and commendation, such as we quoted in the opening chapter of this narrative-history. 'It is perhaps a common misapprehension of PAULDING,' remarks the editor of the '*Salmagundi*,' 'that his pen was wanting in geniality, and that he took rather a splenetic view of life. This notion has probably arisen from the admission of a controversial element into his productions, where perhaps it might better have been shut out: but, with this exception,' adds the editor, 'no American writer has spread upon his page more feeling observation, more friendly truths, more genial sympathies.' The following brief incident is cited from a paper in the second series of '*Salmagundi*, all of which was from Mr. PAULDING's pen, as an instance of his manner of dealing with the simple-pathetic. It describes the death of 'old CÆSAR,' an aged negro servant of 'Cockloft Hall:'

THE cherry-tree had fallen which he had assisted his master to plant sixty years before, and the poor negro 'seemed smitten with the same blast that levelled it. It was curious,' concludes the little narrative, 'to see how the errors of his early impressions — for he was sixteen years old when brought from Africa — had mixed up with the simple ideas implanted subsequently, respecting the Christian religion. His kind mistresses ministered to the wants of his soul, as well as the infirmities of his body, and endeavored to make him comprehend the mysteries of our faith. But they were beyond his reach. He feared, he said, 'the LORD would not know him;' meaning that lowly as he was, it might escape the DIVINITY that such a being had ever existed. His decay was gradual, but the state of his mind was singularly compounded of the mistakes of ignorance and the ramblings of light-headedness, as it is called. The day before he died I was in to see him. 'MASSA LAUNCELOT,' said he, 'think old negro like me ever go to heaven?' 'I warrant yon, old CÆSAR,' re-

plied I. He seemed comforted with the assurance, but still a doubt hung on his mind: 'What will old negro like me do there?' Then his eye seemed glad for a moment, and his last words were: 'Never mind: I can wait upon the angels.'

It is not to be disguised, however, that Mr. PAULDING was a man of strong prejudices, and it was impossible that they should not, to a greater or less degree, tinge the character of his writings. There was a time when he hated almost every thing that was English: English literature, especially, was an abomination in his sight. We remember his saying to us one day, at his town-house in Whitehall-street, 'I wish to Heaven we had a language entirely independent of the English:' and we recollect replying that we thought we *had*, in some parts of the country. He had been made very sore and sensitive by previous adverse and even abusive criticism upon his writings in certain of the leading English reviews and periodicals; and it was hard for him to forget or forgive the offence. An amusing illustration of his antipathy to the English, and particularly to English travellers, literary and other, in this country, was exhibited in the case of Miss MARTINEAU, soon after her arrival in America. That intellectual lady and well-known authoress was naturally anxious to meet our more distinguished literary men; and among others, Mr. PAULDING, of whom she had doubtless heard before leaving England. 'She called here,' said Mr. PAULDING to us one day, 'I should think a dozen times, but I never would see her. She tracked me up to the K——'s too, at West-Point, and tried to ferret me out there, but it 'was no go.' She is as deaf as a post, and goes round with that long flexible India-rubber ear-trumpet of hers, like an elephant swinging his stretched-out limber trunk around the ring in a menagerie; picking up and poking into his yawning maw, now an apple, now a handful of nuts, now an orange or a piece of cake, and next, perhaps, a chew of tobacco: and just so, into that English old maid's ear, through the nozzle of *her* trunk, goes every thing that she can pick up, and by-and-by she will be squirting it all about us!' We could not avoid laughing heartily at this ludicrous, whimsical simile; but Mr. PAULDING's ear moved up and down, as it always did, we had remarked, when he was a little unpleasantly excited. The columns of the '*Courier and Enquirer*' daily journal, to which, at this period and subsequently, Mr. PAULDING frequently contributed searching and sarcastic articles, involving 'England and the English,' will fortify our impression that Mr. PAULDING was a man of strong prejudice, which it was difficult for him to overcome.

Yet, nevertheless, he was a man of warm, genial sympathies: a quiet man: one who loved 'the good old days,' and the simple manners and customs of the old KNICKERBOCKERS of New-York, from whom he was descended. Visiting at the residence of a kinsman at Hyde Park, adjoining, townward, the pleasant country-house of Mr. PAULDING, we saw him, for the last time, one pleasant June morning, walking around his beautiful lawn, with a short stick in his hand, grubbing up the profligate, useless weeds, which were springing up among the fresh, bright-green, close-shaven grass. We were very hastily *en route* for the cars, and had not even a moment to exchange a word with our old friend and contributor. He came seldom to town, then: indeed, for the last ten years

of his life, he visited the metropolis, as we are informed, only on one occasion. He disliked rail-roads. 'I've come down to-day,' said he to a friend of ours, at the Ferry of DOBB, 'pon 'Udson, 'to spend a day or two with my brothers F—— and N——,' (the latter the memorable wine-merchant of New-York, known and esteemed of all men, as was his brother, for that matter, by all who knew him;) 'but coming through the deep cuts of the Hudson River Rail-Road, the noise and jar seemed as if we were passing through the regions of the damned. Well, well!' he added musingly, 'perhaps a hundred years from now we shall have gone back to the good old times; perhaps there won't be any noisy, blustering, dusty rail-roads; no interrupting, impertinent telegraphs; no canals, to burst out every now and then, to flood the country, and ruin the crops for miles around. I wish all this would come in *my* time!' Mr. PAULDING was literally a 'true AMERICAN.' He loved his country, and he loved all parts of it: he loved Nature, too, and none of its bounties or its beauties escaped his keen observation. And as an example of this, we cite the following, one among the very earliest of his communications to this Magazine. We quote from '*A Ramble in the Woods, and what the Writer Saw and Heard There:*'

'I FREQUENTLY spend a Sabbath morning in the country, rambling alone in the melancholy woods, sometimes resting myself against the rough bark of a time-worn tree; sometimes lingering on the woody heights looking far over the surrounding world; and at others reclining listlessly by the side of some clear brook, over whose rippling way the branches meet, and form nature's choicest canopy. Here I indulge my memory and imagination in a thousand devious wanderings; I recall the distant shadows of departed time that have by degrees faded almost into oblivion, and send my mind on errands to the future; a thousand recollections, melancholy yet exquisitely touching, throng about my heart, and a thousand anticipations beckon me onward in the path I am pursuing through this wayward world. At times I become so completely abstracted from the scenes around, as to forget where I am, and to lose almost the consciousness of being. I ruminate, I ponder, and I dream.

'On one of these occasions, about the middle of the sultry month of August, when the dog-star rages, and all nature sinks into a sort of luxurious repose, I had become somewhat tired with a ramble longer than usual, and laid myself listlessly along the margin of a little twittering stream that stole its winding way among the deep obscurities of the wood, diffusing coolness, and inviting to repose. It was Sunday, and it seemed as if nature partook in its holy abstraction from worldly thoughts and worldly occupations. The voice of the ploughman cheering or chiding his team; the rattling of the sonorous wagon over the rough mountain road; the echoes of the woodman's axe; the explosion of the hunter's gun, and all the customary sounds that give life and animation to rural sports and rural occupations, had ceased. Nay, even the tinkling cow-bell, which broke at intervals on the hallowed quiet of the day, seemed to come over me with a softened, mellowed tone, as if fearful of disturbing its repose, and awed by the solemnity of universal silence. Through the arched canopy of foliage that overhung the little stream, I could see it coursing its way on either hand among mossy rocks, glittering as if by moonlight, and disappearing after a thousand meanderings. It is impossible, at least, with me it is impossible, to resist the influence of such a scene. Reflecting beings like ourselves, sink into a sort of melancholy reverie, and even the sprightliness of child-

hood is repressed, by the hallowed quiet that reigns all around. Guilt awakes from its long oblivion, and innocence becomes saddened with the stillness of nature.

'As thus I lay, stretched in languid listlessness along the stream, as quiet as the leaves that breathed not a whisper above me, and gradually sinking into almost unconsciousness of the world and all it holds; the little birds sported about careless of my presence, and the insects pursued that incessant turmoil, which seems never to cease, until winter lays his icy fetters on all nature, and drives them into their inscrutable hiding-places. There is a lapse in the recollection of the current of my thoughts at that moment; a short period of forgetfulness, from which I was roused by a hoarse, croaking voice, exclaiming:

'Cruel, savage monster, what does he here?'

'I looked all around, and could see only a hawk seated on the limb of a dry tree, eyeing me, as I fancied, with a peculiar expression of hostility. In a few moments I again relapsed into a profound reverie, from which I was awakened once more by a small squeaking whisper:

'I dare say the blood-thirsty villain has been setting traps for us.'

'I looked again, and at first could see nothing from which I supposed the voice might proceed, but at the same time imagined I distinguished a sort of confused whisper, in which many little voices seemed commingled. My curiosity was awakened, and peering about quietly, I found it proceeded from a collection of animals, birds, and insects, gathered together for some unaccountable purpose. They seemed very much excited, and withal in a great passion about something, all talking at once. Listening attentively, I could distinguish one from the other.

'Let us pounce upon the tyrant, and kill him in his sleep,' cried a bald eagle, 'for he grudges me a miserable little lamb now and then, though I don't require one above once a week. See! where he wounded me in the wing, so that I can hardly get an honest living, by prey.'

'Let me scratch his eyes out,' screamed a hawk, 'for he will not allow me peaceably to carry off a chicken from his barn-yard, though I am dying of hunger, and come in open day to claim my natural, indefeasible right.'

'Ay, ay,' barked a fox, 'he interferes in the same base manner with my privileges, though I visit his hen-roost in the night, that I may not disturb him.'

'Agreed,' hissed a rattle-snake, 'for he won't let me bite him, though he knows it is my nature, and kills me according to Scripture;' and thereupon he rattled his tail, curled himself in spiral volumes, and darted his tongue at me in a most fearful manner.

'Agreed,' said a great fat spider, who sat in his net, surrounded by the dead bodies of half-a-dozen insects; 'agreed, for the bloody-minded savage takes delight in destroying the fruits of my honest labors, on all occasions.'

'By all means,' buzzed a great blue-bottle-fly, 'for he will not let me tickle his nose of a hot summer-day, though he must see with half an eye, that it gives me infinite satisfaction.'

'Kill him,' cried a little ant, who ran fuming and fretting about at a furious rate, 'kill him without mercy, for he don't mind treading me into a million of atoms, a bit more than you do killing a fly,' addressing himself to the spider.

'The less you say about that the better,' whispered the spider.

'Odds fish!' exclaimed a beautiful trout, that I should have like very much to have caught, popping his head out of the brook, 'odds fish! kill the monster by all

means; hook him, I say, for he entices me with worms, and devours me to gratify his insatiable appetite.'

'To be sure,' said a worm; 'kill him as he sleeps, and I'll eat him afterwards; for though I am acknowledged on all hands to be his brother, he impales me alive on a hook, only for his amusement.'

'I consent,' cooed the dove, 'for he has deprived me of my beloved mate, and made me a disconsolate widow.' Upon which she began to moan so piteously, that the whole assembly deeply sympathized in her forlorn condition.

'He has committed a million of murders,' cried the spider.

'He drowns all my kittens,' mewed the cat.

'He tramples upon me without mercy,' whispered the toad, 'only because I am no beauty.'

'He is a treacherous cunning villain,' barked the fox.

'He has no more bowels than a wolf,' screamed the hawk.

'He is a bloody tyrant,' croaked the eagle.

'He is the common enemy of all nature, and deserves a hundred and fifty thousand deaths,' exclaimed they all, with one voice.

'I began to be heartily ashamed of myself, and was casting about how I might slip away from hearing these pleasant reproaches; but curiosity and listlessness together, kept me quiet, while they continued to discuss the best mode of destroying the tyrant. There was, as usual in such cases, great diversity of opinion.

'I'll bury my talons in his brain,' said the eagle.

'I'll tear out his eyes,' screamed the hawk.

'I'll whip him to death with my tail,' barked the fox.

'I'll sting him home,' hissed the rattle-snake.

'I'll poison him,' said the spider.

'I'll fly-blow him,' buzzed the fly.

'I'll drown him, if he'll only come into the brook, so I will,' quoth the trout.

'I'll drag him into my hole, and do his business there, I warrant,' said the ant; and thereupon there was a giggle among the whole set.

'And I'll — I'll' — said the worm.

'What will you do, you poor d — l?' exclaimed the rest, in a titter.

'What will I do? why I'll eat him after he's dead,' replied Sir worm; and then he strutted about, until he unwarily came so near that he slipped into the brook, and was snapped up in a moment by the trout. The example was contagious.

'Oho! are you for that sport,' mewed the cat, and clawed the trout before he could get his head under water.

'Tit for tat,' barked reynard, and snatching pussy up in his teeth, was off like a shot.

'Since 'tis the fashion,' said the spider, 'I'll have a crack at that same blue-bottle;' and thereupon he nabbed the poor fly in a twinkling.

'By your leave,' said the toad, and snapped up the spider in less than no time.

'You ugly thief of the world,' hissed the rattle-snake, in great wrath, and indignantly laying hold of the toad, managed to swallow him about half-way, where he lay in all his glory.

'What a nice morsel for my poor fatherless little ones,' cooed the dove, and pecking at the ant, was just flying away with it in quite a sentimental style, when the hawk seeing this, screamed out:

‘ ‘What a pretty plump dove for a dinner! Providence hath ordained I should eat her.’

‘He was carrying her off, when the eagle darted upon him, and soaring to his eyrie on the summit of an inaccessible rock, composedly made a meal of both hawk and dove. Then picking his teeth with his claws, he exclaimed with great complacency, ‘What a glorious thing it is to be king of the birds!’

‘ ‘Humph!’ exclaimed I, rubbing my eyes, for it seemed I had been half-asleep, ‘humph, a man is not so much worse than his neighbors, after all;’ and shaking off the spell that was over me, bent my steps homewards, wondering why it was that it seemed as if all living things were created for the sole purpose of preying on each other. The only solution which offered itself to my mind was, that the pleasure arising from eating, is much greater than the pain of being eaten, and that this propensity to devouring each other, on the whole, conduces to the general happiness.’

AMONG the many contributions to the KNICKERBOCKER, those of RICHARD B. KIMBALL were fully proved by their success to have a decided claim to popularity and marked originality. Prominent among these, were ‘*The St. Leger Papers*,’ which attracted attention by many features then comparatively new to the American public. Like some of the best literary works ever written, they indeed presented scenes and adventures in many lands, but they were peculiar in combining the dramatic and decided points of the romantic novel with a tendency to philosophize and analyze; as though the author were a young man of unusual ability, condition and world-knowledge, who had been equally influenced by ‘*Waverley*’ and ‘*Wilhelm Meister*,’ by GOETHE and by SCOTT. Withal there was something in the style of expression and thought altogether peculiar; something of an American mind which had drawn conclusions from home life, and travel-life, widely differing from those of the very great majority of his countrymen.

Within something like eighteen months, or certainly within two years after its appearance in our pages, ‘*St. Leger*’ was published in book-form, in New-York, (passing, we believe, through several editions,) in London, and in Leipzig, by the celebrated TAUCHNITZ, whose reprint is a guarantee of the most decided European popularity.

In a quite different style are Mr. KIMBALL’s lighter tales, depicting student-life in Europe. They are less labored, less philosophical than ‘*St. Leger*,’ but for the majority are decidedly more attractive. The plots are simple, but invariably ingenious and striking, while the language in which they are couched is decidedly elegant in many parts, and clear and graceful in all. Both of these works were most extensively noticed by the press. They were closely criticised, warmly discussed, treated in all cases as decided novelties, and in the great majority of instances warmly praised.

It is to be regretted that of late years Mr. KIMBALL has almost entirely neglected the exercise of those talents on which the truest claims to celebrity depend. The possession of literary ability involves a serious duty; the duty of constant exercise and of progress. Like the devil of the old Scotch necromancer, it demands constant work. We venture to say, that there is something al-

most melancholy in the spectacle of an author of real ability neglecting to write, after having made a real success. The public inquires from time to time what he is doing: they seem like children awaiting the conclusion of an unfinished tune: they peer through the windows of occasional rumor into the hall of his mind, and see perhaps merriment and business enough going on; but the harper who was wont to discourse sweet music has fallen asleep; and the fairy princesses and gay pages, and all the 'merrie companie of olden time' have wandered away into side-alcoves and fallen asleep with him. Let not the lord of the castle be angry if we feel as if in our impatience we would gladly drive out the busy throng, call back the revellers of olden time, wake up the old harper, and hear the old songs sung: 'Awake, O REINIAN, ho!' '*Reveillee vous belle endormie!*' Let there be no more sleeping, no more idleness. The world has a claim on you, my young friend!'

Before proceeding to quote a few passages from the *St. Leger Papers*, to show the author's style, so marked and peculiar, we may observe, that the work was entirely completed in the KNICKERBOCKER. It has since been published in America in four different forms. The first went through eight editions; the second was an expensive form; the third and fourth cheap: and we learn that there is still a not large but steady demand for the book. BENTLEY, of London, published a half-guinea edition of the 'St. Leger.' It was soon pirated by the railway-book publishers, and sent forth with fancy covers, in the cheap railway series. About ten thousand copies of this cheap edition were sold. TAUCHNITZ, as we have said, the great Leipzig publisher, issued it in his collection of '*British Authors*,' and we have heard recently from 'the other side' that it now sells largely. To the credit of TAUCHNITZ, let it be said, that he sent voluntarily to the author a satisfactory remuneration for the 'liberty of taking up the book,' although there was no copy-right in Germany.

Of course it is unnecessary that we should cite largely from the contents of a work so widely circulated, in so many editions at home and abroad, as the 'St. Leger Papers.' Our main purpose is, in a few brief selections, to afford our present readers an opportunity of judging of the author's *manner*, by which he won so effectually the sympathy of his readers. He was 'infused,' so to speak, with the introversive, subjective Germanic spirit: and yet, as we shall presently show, he was at home in the objective as well, as his faithful observation and vivid descriptions of nature abundantly evince. Of the thoughtful boyhood-experience of ST. LEGER, take the subjoined; bearing in mind that at this period he has scarcely reached his sixteenth year:

'THOUGHT, how it troubled me; and I had so much to think about. But beyond all, the great wonder of my life was, 'What life was made for?' I wondered what could occupy the world. I read over the large volumes in the old library, and wondered why men should battle it with each other for the sake of power, when power lasted but so short a time. I wondered why kings who could have done so much good had done so much evil; and I wondered why any body was very unhappy, since death should so soon relieve from all earthly ills. Then I felt, there was some unknown power busy within me, which demanded a field for labor and development, but I knew not what spirit it was of. I wanted to see the world; to busy

myself in its business, and try if I could discover its fashion, for it was to me a vast mystery. I knew it was filled with human beings like unto myself, but what were they doing, and wherefore? The *what* and the *why* troubled me, perplexed me, almost crazed me. When I came to learn something more of the world — and it was a strangely important crisis in the affairs of man — the world seemed like a mad world, and its inhabitants resolved on self-destruction. How I longed to break the shell which encased this mystery. I felt that there was a solution to all this: but how was I to discover it? Not that I was kept so perfectly secluded; I had often accompanied my father to London; I had seen much of the outside form and fashion of the world, but I did not get into it. I had so educated myself, that I could not. The pageant passed ever before my eyes, a pageant still. I had no friend to clear up my difficulties, for these were difficulties I never mentioned. Firm in the idea that some fearful destiny hung over me, and believing that it was connected with this general mistrust of all I saw, or read, or heard of, I kept these feelings to myself, and thus lived two lives at the same time. Had I but told my mother, how readily might I have been relieved. Had my instructors at the first attempted to gain my confidence, and sought the reason of the premature anxiety which brooded around my young heart, even then I might have forgotten these first fearful impressions; but it was now too late. The habit was formed, and it could not undergo an easy change. Have not many who read this page exclaimed, at one time or another, 'Would that I could rid myself of my early impressions! Would that I could overcome this fostered propensity of my youth!' Too late! too late! I warn ye; for impressions are never effaced from the young mind; a rooted propensity never eradicated, beyond danger of evil. Reform may come, it is true; reason may show the folly and the sinfulness of yielding to fancied images of ill; repentance may bring forgiveness after it; and the soul be happy in the assurance; but

——— 'There the action lies
In his true nature:'

and though repented of, and forgiven, there it must lie forever.'

As an instance of the life and spirit which belong especially to his young '*travel's* history,' we quote, almost at random, incidental sketches of English and Scottish scenery. The annexed little picture, be it remembered, was drawn at a time when rail-roads, with their thundering, resounding trains, had not begun to exist:

'THE 'Fly Dragon' royal mail-coach passed through Warwick about ten o'clock. Proceeding thither in our own carriage, I had not waited many minutes before it made its appearance. I chose an outside, and secured the seat of honor next to the 'whip.' Several passengers got on at Warwick. There was the usual show of idle, do-nothing fellows around the door, increased by a number of lazy grooms and lackeys, to whom the arrival and departure of the royal mail were the principal events in their existence. The horses were prancing, impatient of delay. By each stood a groom ready to lift the blanket that covered the animal, when the signal should be given. 'All right?' asked the coachman. 'All right!' responded the guard. 'All right!' echoed the groom; and away flew the horses, leaving the four attendants with arms outstretched, each having retained his blanket.

'What glorious excitement filled my bosom as we coursed along! The balmy breath of the morning; the sweet fragrance of the hedge and of the field; the

bracing air, added to the newness of my situation, made me feel like a new creature. My identity was almost gone; hope, and the various emotions that hope gives birth to, swelled my bosom; I felt a thousand new ideas springing up within me. Just then I could have shouldered the universe, so strong did I feel, or 'put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes,' I felt so fleet. What can equal the energy of untried youth!'

We cannot refrain from quoting the subjoined 'bit,' as an artist would term it, of discriminating character-limning. The reader will understand that St. LEGER is still an immature boy:

'In my intercourse with MARGARET, there was none of that super-sentiment which invests woman with unreal attributes. She was agreeable, particularly so, she could appreciate the finer feelings, and understood every truthful emotion of the soul; nevertheless she was matter-of-fact, and dealt with these feelings and emotions as one would deal with a truth in natural philosophy, or a fact in history. They were analyzed and examined, and commented upon, until the gossamer texture in which they were woven was entirely dissolved, and nothing remained of the fanciful drapery but a few practical remnants. My cousin was unconscious of the ruin she caused. She did not understand that she could express sympathy and yet give pain while she sympathized. I observed this almost daily in her intercourse with ELLA; and almost daily would poor ELLA exclaim: 'MARGARET cannot understand me.' Yet MARGARET did understand her sister, but each attached importance to different objects. To me, the former was a delightful companion: but I was careful, when I did soar in fancy to a wild world of my own creation, to remain its sole occupant. There can be no participation in the deep romantic, even with a kindred spirit. Into these high and inscrutable paths the soul must enter alone; as it must alone pass through the valley of the shadow of death. They admit of no companion, no confident. As our appreciation of the sublime is lessened by the presence of another—for the soul to be greatly impressed must be solitary—so the enjoyment of the deep romantic must be a solitary enjoyment, for the presence even of a loved one distracts and divides the feelings, and prevents the highest concentration. I hope I may not be misunderstood. I who speak, could love; and not a thought, not a feeling, would I keep from my chosen one. But when I should summon the deep emotions which well up from the hidden springs; when I should survey my never-ending destiny, and thank my God that it was linked with hers, and pause and dwell upon the mysterious relation which unites two hearts, and calculate its effect upon all time and all eternity; in those solemn moments I would be alone. How would I delight afterward to recount all that I had felt to her, and bless her as the inspiring cause of all!'

The voyage to St. Kilda, an important scene of the novel, on the coast of Scotland, the 'stormy Hirta,' is very graphically and finely depicted:

'DURING the voyage we had constant occasion to admire the promptitude, the coolness, the ready wit and able seamanship of old CHRISTIE. I could not but reflect how little we can judge of an individual, until he is placed in a position to call forth his real powers. It occurred to me more than once, during moments of peril, when our lives depended upon the self-possession and presence of mind of one person, how little the wisdom of the statesman, the devices of the political intriguer, the subtlety of the lawyer, or the craft of the scholar, could avail to save life and

limb, as we were situated, with the sea lashed into fury, and the winds howling around us. How rapidly men's relations to each other change under circumstances of danger. I learned many lessons of practical utility, which I shall never forget, from old CHRISTIE in that voyage.

'At length the wished-for point was made. We had experienced a terrible 'blow' which had shortly subsided, and about three o'clock in the afternoon the sun came out; when suddenly HUBERT exclaimed: 'Land ho! Huzza! huzza! huzza! See, see, St. LEGER! There is old Hirta herself!'

'I looked in the direction indicated by HUBERT, when I beheld what appeared to be the point of a high rock, rising abruptly from the ocean.

'Why do n't you look, CHRISTIE!' continued HUBERT; 'there is St. Kilda. She bears by compass just as our friend MACLEOD told us, 'north-west by west half-north. Do n't be in ill humor because you did not see it first. Look! look!'

'A smothered exclamation of contempt escaped from CHRISTIE at the mention of the name of Mr. ALEXANDER MACLEOD: but he simply replied: 'Not quite so fast, Master HUBERT: I see nothing of St. Kilda, though I *do* see, and have seen for half an hour, the great rock of Boreray. We have two leagues of southing from there, at any rate, compass or no compass; and after that, we must double Livinish (another large rock) before we make St. Kilda.'

'CHRISTIE was right as usual; but the gale had abated, and the wind was happily in our favor. We rapidly passed both of these stupendous land-marks, when St. Kilda itself actually came in view. I cannot describe my emotions on beholding the towering cliffs of this storm-beaten isle. My ideas were indistinct; my thoughts were confused; so I tried not to think at all, but turned my attention to the localities of the spot, which were becoming more and more visible. We passed near an immense battlement of fearful rocks, and laid our course to the landing-place, which was no more nor less than a solid rock sloping down into the sea, and called by the natives 'The Saddle.' We were espied by the inhabitants long before we were ready to land. A large party of men, women, and children had assembled to receive us, the arrival of a 'boat' being a remarkable event. Among the number was the worthy missionary, Mr. DAVID CANTYRE, who hastened down, on learning that a strange boat was approaching, in order to render all necessary assistance. By the exertions of the men on shore, we effected a landing, though with considerable difficulty, not unattended by danger, as the sea still ran high, and 'the saddle' was covered with a species of Lichen Marinus, called in Scotland, *slawk*, which was so slippery that it was almost impossible to take a step on it without falling.'

'The morning had just dawned, and the rays of light emerging from the east were fast extending over the horizon. None of the inhabitants of the village were as yet visible; so I stood upon the lofty Hirta solitary and alone! I walked at first toward the sea, keeping to the southward of where we had landed. Here I had a good view of the whole north-eastern part of St. Kilda. How grand, how terribly impressive was the scene! On all sides, so far as my view extended, the island was girt about with an immense perpendicular breast-work of solid rock, to look down whose toppling height the head swam and the brain grew dizzy. Defying storm and wind and ocean, ages upon ages it had remained a representative of earth; an outer sentinel, successfully resisting the enemy; casting back triumphantly the waves which sought to overwhelm it, and defying the utmost fury of the tempest. During every change of season, by day and by night, while its inhabitants slum-

bered and while they were awake, the towering cliffs of Hirta stood unshaken and immovable.'

The '*Romance of Student-Life Abroad*,' the second volume from the pen of Mr. KIMBALL, was made up, in a great degree, from tales published at different times, with greater or less intervals, in the *KNICKERBOCKER*. We would instance especially, the story of 'LOUIS BERNHARDI,' 'MARIE LAFORET,' and 'The Terrible Picture.' 'Student-Life in Germany' was published in three forms: the first reached three editions; the second was an expensive one; while the third was cheap. Messrs. SAMPSON, LOW AND SON published it in London. This, too, was also pirated by the railway-folk in London, and fifteen thousand copies sold in a cheap form. TAUCHNITZ, in Leipzig, also took it up, and published it in his 'Collection of British Authors.' It has also been translated into the German, and in part in French.

From the '*Student Life*' we segregate two incidents. Under the head of '*Rambles over Paris*,' we have this scene at the *Invalides*. The reader will not consider it too long:

'THE stranger who visits the chapel of the *Invalides* will encounter few of the inmates, unless at the time of service; but there are always a small number who can be seen kneeling, repeating a prayer, or going through with their *Ave, Credo*, or *Confiteor*. After a 'fitful fever' of marches and assaults, of sieges, sorties, and pitched fields, of fierce pursuits and sullen retreats, of bloody defeats and bloodier victories, it is a touching sight to behold the soldier kneeling before the cross, asking forgiveness and absolution.

'I observed an elderly officer, who appeared much superior to the majority of his *confrères*, and who came very regularly to the chapel. He was about fifty, tall and slender, with a serious countenance, and an air of habitual depression. He used to kneel with so much devoutness, and repeat the prayers so earnestly, and afterward come away with a look so melancholy, that it touched me to the heart to witness it. He had not been wounded, so far as I could see; he had lost none of his limbs, but his face was pale and wasted; and loose, straggling gray hairs were scattered over his forehead.

'How much it adds to the intenseness with which we regard misfortune or calamity, to separate some individual object, and fix our attention on it! I believe one could easily become utterly miserable by this very process. I have myself, in this way, on many occasions, been made wretched enough, and only escaped by turning to the brighter scenes of life. So it is always; light and shade—light and shade again. But without light and shadow can there be a *picture*? There is, at the same time, a fascination in the contemplation of great suffering difficult to explain. Perhaps it may be traced to the unconscious sympathy we feel with whatever is intense, whether it be ecstatic or agonizing, and which underlies almost every other emotion.

'On one occasion, in turning to leave the chapel, when I was standing near the door, the melancholy officer of whom I have spoken dropped his handkerchief. I picked it up, and observed as I took it in my hand, that it was of a description used only by ladies. I stepped at once toward the owner, and gently touching his arm, I said: 'Your handkerchief, Sir.'

'A faint, hectic blush overspread his cheeks. He seized it almost eagerly, gazed

at it an instant with much tenderness, as though it were some dear object, and put it in his bosom; then taking my hand in both of his, he pressed it silently.

'I am very glad,' said I, 'that I discovered it in time.'

'It was my wife's.'

'His lip quivered slightly, but he showed no other signs of emotion. Still he retained my hand.

'Forgive me,' I exclaimed, 'I have intruded on feelings which are sacred.'

'Monsieur shows that he has a heart.'

'He pressed my hand once more, bowed low, and walked away. I do not think I can ever forget that old French officer. Although I used frequently to see him after this occurrence, I never accosted him again. Yet I busied myself, at times, imagining what had been his peculiar griefs.

'His wife. It was his wife's handkerchief. Her memory was all he had to cling to. Children, none: relatives, none. *She* had been to him his sole and only friend, and she was gone. That was it. Perhaps—I carried my conjectures further—perhaps *he* had not been as affectionate, as constant, as kind, while she lived, as he now felt he ought to have been, and, like too many who do not

—'understand a treasure's worth
Till time has stolen away the slighted good,'

he had appreciated her *too late*. Perhaps he was now tortured by a recollection of her last sad, yet not reproachful look, and cherished, as a part of his existence, a tender though unavailing remorse. But whatever might be his personal history, I felt an assurance that his daily prayers and supplications were not put up in vain.

'I have mentioned the gardens. The most joyous sight to be met with in Paris, is that of the children who congregate there; hopping, running, skipping, playing puss-puss-in-the-corner, (a tree for each corner,) and even blind-man's-buff. As my friend CLEMENTS remarked, it always seems as if French children were very precocious to have acquired a *foreign* language so young.

'There was one charming, ruddy, brown-haired little creature, about four years of age, who interested me greatly. She was so full of childish spirits; her laugh was so clear and so mirthful; her voice, though infantile, was so sweet, and her motions so light and airy, as she flew from spot to spot, that I became absolutely fascinated. An elderly woman, plainly dressed in black, sat always on one of the benches near by, engaged usually with her needle, or in knitting. I observed that she watched the child's movements continually, with eyes beaming with affection. Could she be the mother? Certainly not. The nurse, perhaps? No. I was not satisfied to call her the nurse; she did not wear the expression which smacks of service, and which is generally unmistakable.

'I seated myself one day on the same bench with the good dame. 'What a beautiful little child!' was my first observation to her.

'Which one, Monsieur?' She knew very well without asking.

'I pointed out my favorite, who, with several of her playmates, was frolicking a few steps from us.

'Ah! that is my little ANNIE, my grand-daughter.'

'Indeed! And its mother?'

'She is all I have left, Monsieur.'

'The French have more delicacy than any other people in conveying a melancholy idea.

‘How you must love the little creature!’ I exclaimed, involuntarily.

‘Indeed, Monsieur,’ she replied, ‘I see my lost ANNIE living her life over again; she is the very same, just as she looked, just as she acted.’

‘At this instant little ANNIE ran up, and bounding into the old lady’s lap, cried, ‘Mamma, I have something to tell you — hold down your face;’ with that she gave the ear, which was thus brought within reach, a sly pinch, slid down, and darted away; she returned almost in the same moment, resumed her place, kissed the ‘poor little ear,’ as she called it, and once more ran off.

‘Just as I was saying to you, Sir, she has all her mother’s sweet ways, and I have taught her to call me ‘Mamma,’ and it seems — but no, I cannot lose sight of my *child*, my first ANNIE, who *was* like this one, and who grew up to be a girl, and then to be a woman —’

‘The old lady’s eyes filled with tears.

‘And she died?’

‘Her husband died first. That nearly killed her. Then she took a fever. I did all I could — nothing availed. I nursed her; I gave her every thing with my own hands, and she would say: ‘My mother, do not do this, you will fatigue yourself; I feel easier now; go — do go, and get some rest.’ But I could not leave her. Sometimes she made me recline on her bed, and put my arms around her, and then she would look into my face and smile. Oh! could you but have seen that smile! . . . Alas! nothing could save her. We had a noted physician from the Hotel Dieu: he would come two or three times a day, and take hold of ANNIE’S hand and say: ‘My poor child, what makes you so sick?’ Then he would encourage her, and speak so kindly that I could have fallen on my knees and blessed him. He was with us when she died; he wept like a child, and —’

‘The recital was too much for the poor woman. She placed both hands before her face, vainly endeavoring to prevent the tears, when little ANNIE, happening to see it, ran toward her, all in a glow as she was, and, springing into her favorite place, threw her arms around her grand-mother’s neck, and by every term of endearment and affection, by kisses and caresses, attempted to moderate her grief.

‘It was more than I could endure. I turned and walked hastily from the spot; my eyes were moist too, and once away from observation, I drew my handkerchief from my pocket and wiped them.’

And with this exceedingly picturesque and graphic sketch of *La Morgue*, we must close our selected passages from the multifarious writings in this Magazine, of the author of the St. LEGER Papers:

‘A MORNING at *La Morgue* is hardly as agreeable as a day at the Louvre, yet it is not without a certain fascination. Let but the influence once fasten on you, and it will be very hard to shake it off. At one period I confess it was to me almost irresistible, and I shudder sometimes, when I recollect how punctually every morning, at the same hour, I took my place on one side of that fearful room — not for the purpose of inspecting the bodies of the suicides, (I rarely turned to look at them,) but to regard the countenances of the anxious ones who came to realize the worst, or to take hope till the morrow. Literally, there are no spectators in that dismal solitude, if we except an occasional visit from the foreign sight-hunter, who comes in charge of a valet, and passes in and out and away to the ‘next place.’ In London or in New-York, an establishment so public would be thronged with persons eager to

gratify a prurient curiosity. Not so in Paris. The French possess a sensibility so refined — it may be called a species of delicacy — that they cannot enjoy such a spectacle, can scarcely endure it: and if the tourist will bring the subject to mind, he will find that while his guide pointed out the entrance, he himself declined going into the apartment.

‘I know not how it happened, but, as I have remarked, the habit of visiting this spot every morning was fastened on me. Never shall I forget some of the faces I encountered there. One image is impressed on me indelibly; it is that of a woman of middle age, with a very pale face, and having the appearance of one struggling with some wearing sorrow, who for two weeks in succession came in daily, and walking painfully up to the partition, looked intently through the lattice-work, and turned and went away. I never before felt so strong an impulse to accost a person, without yielding to it. Indeed, I had resolved to speak to her on the morning of the fifteenth day, but she did not come, and I never saw her again. Who was she? did her fears prove groundless? what became of her? An old man I remember to have seen — a very old man, feeble and decrepit, who came once only, looked at the dead, shook his head despairingly, and tottered away: I knew not if he discovered the object of his search. Young girls who had quarrelled with their lovers, and lovers who in moments of jealousy had been cruel to their sweet-hearts, would look anxiously in, and generally with relieved spirits pass out, almost smilingly, resolving no doubt to make all up before night should again tempt to suicide. Another incident I cannot omit, although it is impossible to recall it without a dreadful pang. One morning a pretty fair-haired child, not more than four years old, came running in, and clasping the wooden bar with one hand, pointed with her little finger through the opening, and with a tone of innocent curiosity, said: ‘There’s Mamma!’ The same moment two or three rushed in, and seizing the unconscious orphan, carried her hastily away. She had wandered after some of the family, and heard enough as they came from the fatal place to lead her to suppose her lost enamma was there, and so she ran to see. What could be the circumstances so untoward, that even the child could not bind the mother to life?’

‘A long chapter might be written of the occurrences at my singular rendezvous, but I had no design of alluding to any of them: they naturally come to mind, and I as naturally speak of them. . . . It was in the summer when I came back. The foliage was deep and green, and in the *Jardin des Plantes*, which was near my quarters, the various flowers and shrubs and trees filled the atmosphere with fragrance, and tempted us to frequent strolls along its avenue.’

We should not omit to mention, in conclusion, that beside separate stories, such as ‘The Young Englishman,’ ‘Reminiscences of an Old Man,’ with reviews, poetry, etc., Mr. KIMBALL contributed to our pages a series of ‘*Letters from Cuba*,’ which were afterward collected in a volume, two large editions of which were exhausted in two weeks. So great was the interest taken by the Spanish government in the numbers, as they appeared in the *KNICKERBOCKER*, that the Spanish Consul called upon us, with a polite request that we should desist from their publication. Declining, however, to do this, the elegant Don ‘walked Spanish’ from the door of our sanctum, ‘and we saw him no more.’

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—A friend in Buffalo, 'up to his eyes in banking and finance,' sends us, with a modest apology, the following passage from his note-book: thinking, and thinking rightly, that an off-hand sketch like this 'might not be without interest to some of our readers.' We wish that others among our correspondents, who, like him, have travelled extensively, observantly, and sensibly, in foreign lands, would 'go and do likewise.'

THE village of COBRE, lying within twelve miles of St. Jago de Cuba, is a spot that is rarely visited by travellers out of curiosity. It has no accommodations for man or beast. The inhabitants are mostly miners, and spend a large portion of their lives in the bowels of the earth. And yet this small, obscure, out-of-the-way place, presents many features of interest. It is situated in a rugged region, at the foot of a mountain nearly a mile high, one side of which descends almost perpendicularly into the Caribbean Sea, presenting a defiant palisade of rock and stunted vegetation as uninviting as it is inaccessible. Notwithstanding the inconvenient irregularities upon which the village is located, the hills are covered by machinery used in raising the copper-ore or in preparing it for exportation, and by the houses of the miners.

'Among the great number of perpendicular wells or shafts that have been excavated, there is one that has been sunk to the great depth of *six hundred feet*, at the bottom of which the miners spend years of their lives, and seldom feel the rays of the sun; a deprivation, in this tropical region, which those on the surface might envy, if it were not accompanied by a loss of daylight, and of a more natural atmosphere than that which is breathed an eighth of a mile, or thereabouts, under ground.

'Many years ago the Spaniards commenced working these mines by excavating an immense quantity of earth from a large area, without going to a sufficient depth to reach the mineral, or paying any attention to the indications usually presented on the surface of the direction of the veins beneath. The consequence was, they dug in vain. But when the English miners assumed the business, and applied to it their experience in Cornwall, and other mining regions in England, it became exceedingly profitable.

'There is one lofty hill in the midst of these mines, whereon there stands an immense Cathedral, which is the fortunate possessor of a Holy VIRGIN, endowed with the name of ANNA MARIA, who performs all sorts of extraordinary miracles. On certain occasions she is transported by the priests to St. Jago, and there taken through the streets, while receiving the pious homage of the multitude, who firmly believe her to be possessed of miraculous powers. Thence she mysteriously disappears, and without human aid, finds her way back to her own altar. The inhabitants of that country confide with undoubting faith in representations that are made concerning their beloved VIRGIN by the priests. Having a strong desire to see the medium of such alleged powers, I climbed to the Cathedral. Finding it closed, I sent a negro to the house of a priest near by, who has charge of it, with instructions to inform him that a stranger had come to pay his respects to the VIRGIN. The response was, that his holiness was taking his *siesta*, and fast asleep. Whereupon

I requested that he should be immediately awakened, and informed that I had a *peseta* (a twenty cent piece) ready for him, in case I obtained a sight of the sacred object. The guardian of the VIRGIN soon made his appearance, and, with hat in hand, I walked silently into the sacred presence of the speechless performer of miracles.

'In a glass case, situated upon an elevated pedestal immediately behind the altar, she stood with as sweet an expression upon her countenance as ever adorned a face of wax moulded into human lineaments. She was clad in a yellow silk dress, after the most approved fashion of the moment, the lower part of which was handsomely embroidered, and the whole skirt covered by diamonds of great value. In fact she was the prettiest and most costly-dressed sacred image that I had ever seen of her size, which was about ten inches in height, 'be the same more or less,' and correspondingly proportioned. To worship this sacred image, an annual pilgrimage is made by innumerable devotees, who perform their journeys on foot even from Havana — a distance of five or six hundred miles. During sickness, vows are frequently made by the invalids to do penance in case of recovery by visiting the Holy VIRGIN, bare-foot, and in other ways. From the village to the church the ascent of the hill is by rugged and uneven stone-steps, and in the fulfilment of such vows, women are sometimes seen mounting the hill on their bare and lacerated knees. Offerings of every description, as well as prayers, are made to this image of the VIRGIN; but most generally of jewelry, consisting of gold watch-chains, rings, breast-pins, ear-drops, etc.; and when the accumulation is sufficient to attract an assemblage of purchasers, an auction is held, and in place of these pious contributions the VIRGIN becomes the possessor of so much money, obtained from the highest bidders.

'Underneath the Cathedral the earth is rich in copper-ore; and as the building is in danger of being undermined, one of the mining companies offered to purchase it, and in consideration agreed to build another and a handsomer edifice upon an elevation near by. But the priests replied that the VIRGIN would not be contented elsewhere, and they accordingly declined.

'Although there are no taverns in Cobre, I had no reason to complain of a want of hospitality. One resident there, a native of the soil, with true Spanish courtesy, placed his whole house entirely at my disposal. The house, I noticed, contained just four rooms, including the kitchen; and on inquiry I found the gentleman's family consisted of a wife and thirteen children. A Cuban would be astonished were you to take advantage of his politeness. It would be taking an ungentlemanly advantage, that he never would forgive. He gives you the credit of possessing intelligence enough to know that he does n't mean any thing by his civilities, and that the more urgent he is, the less sincerity they contain. He takes the logical position that he is not deceiving you, because you have no right to believe him to be in earnest: a position which is incontrovertible.

B. P.'

A flattering 'logical position!' - - - WALT. WHITMAN, as he rejoices to call himself, has published a new edition of his '*Leaves of Grass*.' We thought he had 'gone to grass' long ago; but no: he 'expands and bourgeons,' it seems, still. We have not seen his work: but we are informed that it does not contain the scurrilous '*Letter from Charles Dickens*,' which he wrote and published in a Brooklyn daily journal with which he happened at the time to be connected, and signed DICKENS' name to it, before that eminent man had reached England, after his

visit to America. We propose to 'explicate' this transaction a little more fully 'one of these odd days.' Meantime, we do Mr. Honest and Conscientious 'WALT. WHITMAN' the justice to quote a few passages from a review of his work in the '*Albion*' weekly journal. They are characteristically egotistical, sententious, 'self-sustained' and 'self-diffused':

'1. I HAPPIFY myself.

I am considerable of a man. I am some.
You also are some. We all are considerable, all are some.

Put all of you and all of me together, and agitate our particles by rubbing us all up into eternal smash, and we should still be some.

No more than some, but no less.

Particularly some, some particularly, some in general, generally some, but always some without mitigation. Distinctly, some.

'2. Some punkins, perhaps.

But perhaps squash, long-necked squash, crooked-necked squash, cucumber, beets, parsnip, carrot, turnip, white turnip, yellow turnip, or any sort of sass, long sass, or short sass.

Or potatoes. Men, Irish potatoes; women, sweet potatoes.

'3. Yes, Women.

I luxuriate in Women.

They look at me, and my eyes start out of my head; they speak to me, and I yell with delight; they touch me, and the flesh crawls off my bones.

Women lay in wait for me, they do.

Yes, Sir.

They rush upon me, seven women laying hold of one man; and the divine efflux that thrilled all living things before the nuptials of the saurius overflows, surrounds, and interpenetrates their souls, and they say, 'WALT., why do n't you come and see us? You know we'd be happy to have you.'

'57. Of beauty.

Of excellence, of purity, of honesty, of truth.

Of the beauty of flat-nosed, pock-marked, pied Congo niggers!

Of the purity of nastiness, the sweetness of feculence, the fragrance of pig-sties, and the ineffable sweet perfume of Cow Bay in the Summer!

Of the chastity of courtezans, the honesty and general incorruptibility of aldermen, of common-councilmen, of sub-treasurers, of post-masters, of post-office clerks, of Members of the House of Representatives, and of Government officials generally, and lobby members in particular.

'58. I glorify schnapps, I celebrate gin.

In beer I revel and wallow. I shall liquor.

Ein lager!

I swear there is no nectar like lager. I swim in it, I float upon it, it heaves me up to heaven, it bears me beyond the stars, I tread upon the air, I sail upon the ether, I spread myself abroad, I stand self-poised in illimitable space, I look down, I see you, I am no better than you, you also shall mount with me.

Zwei lager!

Encore!

'1003. O my soul!

O your soul! which is no better than my soul, and no worse, but just the same!

O soul in general! Loafe! Proceed through space with a hole in your trowsers!

O pendent shirt-flap! O dingy, unwashed, fluttering linen!

O tattered flag of freedom! not national freedom, nor any of that sort of infernal nonsense, but individual freedom, freedom to do just as you please!

1004. By golly, there is nothing in this world so unutterably magnificent as the inexplicable comprehensibility of inexplicableness.

1248. These things have come up out of the ages.

Out of the ground that you crush with your boot-heel.

Out of the muck that you have shovelled away into the compost.

Out of the offal that the slow, lumbering cart, blood-dabbled and grease dropping, bears away from the slaughter-house, a white-armed boy sitting on top of it, shouting 'Hi!' and flogging the horse on the raw with the bridle.

That muck has been many philosophers; that offal was once gods and sages.

And I do n't see why a man in gold spectacles and a white cravat stuck up in a library, stuck up in a pulpit, stuck up in a professor's chair, stuck up in a Governor's chair, or in the President's chair, should be of any more account than a possum or a tumble-bug.

Libertad, and the divine average!

Vive la 'Tumble-Bug!' - - - ARE there not some 'sayings,' which attain to the dignity of 'maxims,' and 'apothegms,' and 'things of that description, of that sort,' in *over*- 'due course of time,' that are somewhat leaky? MOTHER used to say to us, when we were 'in our 'teens,' (a few years ago, only!) that when we had got into the 'T-Y-S — the twenties and the thirties — we should find our years growing shorter and shorter; until at length a twelve-month would seem scarcely longer than the shortest month in the year. May we be pardoned for saying, *It is not so?* How it is, or why it is, we cannot tell: but *this* we know, that to us at this moment, and always up to the present time, the years seem as long to us as they ever did in the world. Sometimes we think — and if you take the eye of reflection and throw it violently around the subject, you will admit that there is something in the thought — that this is owing to the fact, that in our business we are ante-dating time all the while — all the while a month ahead of every body else. For instance, to-day is the fourth of June, yet we have prepared and got ready for the press, the July number of the KNICKER-BOCKER complete. 'A month ahead!' This might seem to some minds to militate against our own argument: but, as LAMB explained to one of the directors of the India-House, who complained of his coming rather late to his duties in the morning: 'Yes, that is so: but then I go away very early in the afternoon!' And this was satisfactory. Yes: and we like a new suit of clothes, new shoes, and well-fitting gloves; and flying a 'bully' kite, and going to BARNUM's Museum to see the snakes, and the fishes in the Aquarium, etc., as much as we ever did since we were born. The fact is, we live over all these things in the *same* enjoyment of the striplings around us. Only, it makes us sad to think, that when 'Young KNICK,' overtopping us in height, and capable of coming HEENAN over us in a 'fair stand-up fight,' goes away now, he is too big to kiss 'good-bye,' even though we were never to meet again: and 'little JOSE,' of whom we have often spoken to our readers in this rambling, disjointed gossip, has expanded to an almost womanly plumpitude, and is away at boarding-school; and her *once*-little sisters are kissing their young and handsome moustached husbands, as they take their morning way to their mart of banking and finance: notwithstanding all this, our years seem no shorter than they ever were: nor have we ever ceased to be a Boy, and we begin to be very much afraid we never shall. - - - 'OLD things,' we cannot help thinking, are *not* 'done away,' and 'all things' are *not* 'become new,' in this our day and generation. It is quite certain, for a sure example, that if WASHINGTON IRVING's '*Rural Funerals*,' and '*The Widow and her Son*,' had both been written, and welded to the hearts of a million of readers, five hundred years ago, they would *now* 'make the whole world kin' by the pathos which is not to be praised by any one man, who only shares it in common with every body who has read those immortal sketches. Who is *he*, to dwell upon that which *no* one who can read, can read without the tears welling from his eyes? Does he not know that it is *because* these passages touch *all* hearts, that they are forever ineffaceable from the memory? Read *these* brief passages from '*Rural Funerals*' and '*The Widow and her Son*,' and say *why* it is that you 'cannot *choose* but feel' precisely as the author felt when

he wrote them. Look at the *cumulative* sentences in the description of the love of a mother for her son :

'WHEN I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich ? They have friends to soothe — pleasures to beguile — a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young ? Their growing minds soon close above the wound — their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure : their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe — the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy — the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years ; these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

'There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood ; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency ; who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land ; but has thought on the mother 'that looked on his childhood,' that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness ? Oh ! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to her son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience ; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment ; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity : and, if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from misfortune ; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace ; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

'The next Sunday I was at the village church ; when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.

'She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son ; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty : a black ribbon or so — a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passeth show. When I looked round upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow, at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.'

Of all humbugous persons, with pens in their hands, and aided by accessible printers, and obliging proof-readers, avoid mere *commentators* : men of smallest calibre, who enlighten you by showing *what* genius they admire, and *why* : men without a spark of originality themselves ; incapable perhaps — *not* 'perhaps,' but surely — incapable of writing a grammatical sentence, who 'patronize' their betters, (whom they are really unable fully to appreciate,) with platitudinous, saponaceous besmearment, which they fancy to be praise ! - - - PERHAPS we are not assuming too much in asserting, in a modest way, that we do not

consider ourselves as *always* entirely right in our literary judgments: but we *did* like '*King Rolf*,' and the weird, stormy, hugeous style in which he *spoke* of things, and also caused them to *be done*: and here is an admirer of the writer of that same, who is like unto us in that regard, '*only more so*.' Hear ye him:

To Him who Told and Sang of King Rolf.

In the strong trumpet note,
Wild as a devil's oath,
In the fresh morning breeze;
Harp notes in agony;
Glances of eagle rage
From a proud woman's eye;
In the sharp curving lip,
Cut to a dagger groove,
Squared till it startles;
In the brave song of life,
In the harsh grate of death,
Laughter and beer-foam jests,
Cup-crashing, wine-wasting
Kings the old spirit out,
Living and living on,
Soul of the Norseman.

Life has grown merciful,
Hearts have grown tenderer,
Bards sing no more at feasts,
How like light hell-birds
Arrows winged through the brain;
How the death-giving sword
Bit through the iron mail:
Yet while the north wind blows,
Yet while the ocean storms,
Yet while men's souls are brave,
Laughing and daring;
Yet while wild fantasies
Whirl in mad legend;
Yet while his heart shall beat,
He who of ROLF and YARL
Told the wild story,
He who of Yankee sires
Sang the strong ballad,
Be the times what they may,
Sun-shine or winter frown,
So long on earth will live
Still the Old Norseman.

There is the true 'North-Arctic' ring in this. - - - '*Momus*,' started as a *Daily Illustrated Comic Journal*, has been transformed (and wisely, as it strikes us) into a very able and excellently-illustrated weekly sheet. Good designers, good engravers, clever writers, and good typographical execution, leave little to be desired in this widely-circulated journal. Cheerful, humorous, kindly, it has our warmest congratulations upon its increasing success. '*Momus*' is published at Number Five, Tryon-Row. - - - GREAT cause had the writer of the following touching stanzas to 'weep bitter tears' when he was composing the same. The sylvan scenes of the Hudson were disappearing before his loving eyes, (at the time they were written,) under the direction of that terrible and ruthless iconoclast, J. B. JERVIS, Esq., Chief-Engineer of the Hudson River Rail-Road. And now, what have they to offer instead? A rush, a roar, a rumble, and dust in clouds that blot out the sunlight, and begrime the sweet fields that

border the swelling flood : and all because 'folks want to go to Albany ;' politicians, especially, and eke Lobbyrian members of the Outer-House, where they do their business in matters of influential legislation :

'Jervis' Dream.

A PARODY.

'T was near that town of great renown,
Old Rondout is its name,
Whence barges run, well filled with coal,
An aged traveller came ;
He leaned upon an oaken stick,
And seemed of feeble frame.

' High on a green-clad hill he stood,
And saw the town below,
And watched its busy crowd at work,
And Walkill's ceaseless flow,
As down its tide, brim-full of freight,
Black barge and schooner go.

' He turned him slowly to the East,
Where Rhinebeck's wharves appear,
And lo ! a distant smoke is seen,
And dull sounds reach his ear :
' I know,' the old man muttering said,
' A train is drawing near.'

' With many a whizz and groan and fizz,
Came on the thing of power,
And the traveller looked with eye intent,
As sparks descend in shower ;
But soon he saw that it could not run
Its ' thirty miles an hour.'

' With heavy sigh and tearful eye
He turned from the spot away,
And slowly to the tavern walked,
To moisten there his clay ;
And within a stripling reading sat,
To whom he said : ' Good day.'

' My youthful friend, what is 't you read ?
Long tale, or story short ?
Is 't SOUTHEY's verse, so dull and grave,
Or HOOD's, so full of sport ?'
The young man gave an upward glance —
' 'T is a Rail-Road Report.'

' Six hasty strides the old man took,
Six hasty strides — then back,
And on the floor his oaken stick
He struck with heavy whack :
Then sate him down, and 'gan to talk
Of ' tender,' ' steam,' and ' track.'

' He spoke of cloven hills and rocks,
He told of ' straightened shore,
Whose lovely banks, once clothed with wood,
Were spoiled for evermore :
' Oh ! would 't were mine,' the old man
said,
' Those beauties to restore !'

' And wheresoe'er thy fate may lead,
This earnest counsel hear —
And let not these, an old man's words,
Fall on a heedless ear ;
Whatever trade 't is thine to take,
Be not an engineer !

' For well I know the reckless hand,
In which an ax hath gleamed,
To cut and carve fair Nature's face,
Will not be guiltless deemed ;
That this is so, oh ! stay and hear
A dream, that once I dreamed.

' I dreamed that in my youthful days,
Parched with the thirst of fame,
Like him who burned DIANA's shrine,
I swore to win a name.
' Yon bright majestic stream — I'll turn
Its glory into shame !'

' And lo ! forth at my bidding came,
Strong arm and willing hand,
Scot, German, Briton, Irishman,
Had heard the dread command ;
And the noble river groaned to see
The ravage of my band.

' They rent the rock with pick and blast —
They felled the stately wood ;
They delved through banks no longer
green,
And bridged each mountain flood ;
I calmly looked upon their work,
And *then* pronounced it — ' good.'

' But ever since, by day or night,
A giant form I see,
That with its finger, thin and long,
Points scornfully at me :
It speaks, and from its lips fall words
I dare not tell to thee !

' That shape, that voice, my weary heart
Nor peace nor rest allow :
The horrid thing pursues my soul —
It stands before me now !'
The startled stripling gazed, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

' And who art thou, thou strange old man,
Who thus appearest nervous ?
Of brandy sling come take a pull,
And it may prove of service.'
' Alas ! no sling relief can bring —
My name is J. B. JERVIS !'

Yet, shall we go back to 'no rail-roads?' - - - Our friend and contemporary of the *'Philadelphia North-American and United States Gazette,'* in a brief literary notice of Colonel EUGENE LE GAL's authentic military work, *'The School of the Guides,'* has the following reminiscence from our pages, 'in the days of long ago,' which we are sure will amuse many of our present readers :

'ONCE upon a time' country trainings were the most ridiculous things imaginable. In this connection, we cannot avoid condensing our recollection of a most ludicrous sketch which we read years ago in the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE. We have been assured by gentlemen residing where the scene was laid, that the incidents really happened.

'A company in a western village had, somehow, chosen for its generalissimo a mere epauletted cipher — a chieftain, fat, abdominous and stupid. Some wags induced the rest of the company to join them in hoaxing their brave commander. They privately informed him that Gen. Scott had lately instituted a new military evolution, called the 'snake manœuvre,' or 'anaconda movement,' and designed to keep the Commander-in-chief safe, in case of a desperate engagement. They had seen the evolution performed 'off east,' and gave the captain the proper words of command. But to save his reputation as a field officer, they agreed to see to it themselves that the movement was carried through correctly.

'So, on a hot July morning, the Captain paraded his company in an open field, and, after going through a brilliant series of marches and counter-marches, resolved to execute the 'snake manœuvre.' 'Straighten all!' says the Captain, and the ninety men *did* straighten themselves into a right line. 'Circulate all!' and the file *did* circulate, winding round their Captain, anaconda-wise, fold on fold, encircling him, six deep, till he was almost squeezed to a skeleton. 'Unwind all!' gasped the Captain, streaming at every pore, and doubting now whether the centre of the 'anaconda movement' was the safest place for the Commander-in-chief, however strong and desperate the enemy might be. But the company unwound, dispersed and 'liquored.'

'We presume that we have not condensed the story correctly; for we have exhumed it from a memory of twenty years. But it was a piece of capital humor in the telling, and in the enactment was an apt presentation of that rich, rollicking practical fun, so prevalent at the West.'

We remember this story well, as indeed we do every thing, however brief, which has ever appeared in our pages: and we *think* we are not wrong in attributing it to the pen of the late Lieutenant BURTS, from Ohio, formerly of the United States Navy. - - - THE present number of the KNICKERBOCKER commences our *Fifty-Sixth Volume!* We propose to make the volume one of the very best which has been issued of late years. Our readers will be called upon to give a hearty welcome in its pages to such well-known and popular contributors as Rev. F. W. SHELTON; the author of the *'St. Leger Papers'*; Mr. SPARROWGRASS; Mr. CHARLES G. LELAND, in a new series of the *'Mace Sloper Papers'*; and several other old and favorite contributors, together with many new ones, whose contributions will be no whit behind theirs, in attraction and interest. Mr. GRAY, the publisher and proprietor, will, as he always has faithfully done, make the continued and advancing *success* of the work wholly promotive of increased interest to its readers. It is proposed, in short, to make the

KNICKERBOCKER worthy of its long-toiled for, and long-established, literary reputation: while its typographical execution shall be second to no similar publication in the world. - - - A FEW more of the 'wee folk' may walk up now to the *Little Children's Side-Table*, and 'say their say.' First and foremost, our old friend LUCIUS HART, who loves all good juveniles, and who has written pretty songs, and sung 'em for them many and many a time, shall introduce two or three of his little pets:

'By-the-way: thinking of the fun that little folks afford us old ones, is n't it true, too, that they sometimes, as the sailors say, 'start the pumps' more freely than others can do it? Let me tell you one or two cases. Who knows but you may receive them into a paragraph, if worthy of it. 'One of my Sunday-school boys was killed a few months ago by being run over. I called the next day at the house of mourning. The parents were from Scotland, and had laid their dead boy ROBERT upon a table, robed for the grave. All were weeping; parents, brothers, and sisters, except little JAMIE—two and a half years old. He was pleased to see so much company, but one thing troubled him: his brother would not get up. While I was present he went up to the corpse and said, 'Pretty ROBBY, get up and see your teacher;' but the dead moved not. Then reaching up and putting his little hand upon his brother's face, he drew it back and said: 'ROBBY's been here all night, and *how cold he is!* Take him to the fire, Mamma!'

'I CALLED upon an afflicted family the past week, where the light was put out of the dwelling. The wife and mother of four little children had been borne to Greenwood. While 'few and short were the words we said,' as we mingled our tears with the sorrowing ones, little SUSY, two years old, climbed into our lap, and laughingly told how her mamma left her bed-room last week and lay down in the parlor with her lap full of flowers, and how the next day so many people came in carriages to see her; and how mamma rode away in the *prettiest carriage*; but she had not come back yet!' The next day I called again: and SUSY was now a mourner. She could not persuade the nurse to 'go with her and bring mamma home!' Poor child! Her mother was already 'HOME.'

'Speaking of *Homes*: One of my little girls was visiting with an aunt in New-Jersey, who wished to have her little niece call the place her home. 'Yes,' aunty,' said she, 'I'll call this my home while I stay with you, but my LONG HOME is in New-York.' Is n't this decidedly a new version of the common phrase?'

'I LIKE the 'Little Folk,' writes a friend from Lebanon, (Pa.), 'who find their way into the pages of our favorite Magazine. By-the-way, our little INA got off a good joke on her mother the other day. She wanted to go to the party in the evening, but a 'press of business' prevented my attending with her, which led her to throw herself upon the sofa in rather a *disappointed* mood. In child-like simplicity the little one climbed upon its mother's lap, put its arms around her neck, and said: 'What's the matter, Mamma? Are you sick?' 'No,' said the mother. 'Are you hurt?' 'No.' 'Then,' said the child, 'You're 'puncky.' She knew what 'spunky' meant!'

'LET me tell you an adventure of a little seven-year-old friend of mine, IKE H —, who is sufficiently mischievous to claim a cousin-ship, at least, with IKE PARTINGTON. IKE strayed away to the 'raging canal' one day last week, and of course, fell in. A benevolent boatman fished him out. IKE dared not go home; so he went, damp and despairing, to a clerk in his father's employ, and submitted to him the following ingenious proposition: 'Doctor S —, you whip me, and tell Pa it's all settled!' Was n't that settling an account by singular 'entry?'

'IN the interior of Pennsylvania several 'boys,' arrested for petty larceny, were taken before 'Squire B —, a man of indifferent legal or other attainments, but good judgment. During the 'hearing' of the 'case,' another Justice, who was present, suggested, 'that

as this was their first offence, and as they appeared to be 'penitential,' he, the presiding Justice, should deal with them with as much '*leniation*' as possible.

'A 'FOUR-year old' little girl brought into one of 'our' tin-stores the other day, a kettle to be 'mended.' She seemed to have forgotten what had been told her to say, but presently, her face brightening, she looked up, and with a smile, said: 'Mr. S —, Gran'-mother says you shall please to put a *rag* in this!' Doubtless she remembered seeing 'holes' in tin-ware 'stopped' in that way 'at home,' and hence her artless request.'

'WE have in our household,' writes a friend from Hartford, (Conn.,) 'a youngster of three years, who, not unfrequently, is the author of some knotty questions; but who, nevertheless, is always ready with reasons for his interrogations, as may be seen from the subjoined colloquy which I submit to you, with the hope that it may prove as mirthful to some of your many readers as it did to those who chanced to hear it. Sitting by his mother's side one evening last week, quietly listening to one of her stories, he suddenly broke forth with: 'Mother, did father ask you to marry him?' Receiving an affirmative answer, he continued: 'Well, what did he say?' 'Oh! I have almost forgotten,' replied his mother. 'But why do you ask?' 'Because,' said he, 'I wan' to know what to say when I'm a man!' I think this was preparing to 'pop the question' early!'

For a 'Three-Years'-Old,' it *was*! - - - THE young Prince, son of Queen VICTORIA, Sovereign of Great-Britain and Ireland, is presently coming to these shores. In honor of that event, our 'boys' in the KNICKERBOCKER composing-room have formed the following aquatic association. To attract deserved attention, of which they might be deprived by simply giving their common names, they have, 'for this occasion only,' denationalized their cognomens; and, like RODERICK RANDOM's home-spun English 'boy' STRAP, who became Mons. D'ESTRAPPE after a few months' residence in Paris, they now represent themselves, 'in type-congress assembled,' as follows:

Printers' Boat Club.

Admiral HUNTERIANO,
PATRICIUS DE PETTICHIBUS,
Sig. Banjoiano HUNTERIANO,
B. B. H. DE BUCKLI, P. B.

Prince ALBERTO DE CURRIE,
Captano DOHERTYUM,
Don de MACQUORMIQUE,
Count MORGANO.

Now we *know* these young patriots, HUNTER, PIETCH, 't other HUNTER, BUCKLEY, CURRY, DOHERTY, M'CORMICK, and MORGAN: and such is their 'pluck, owing to the impulse given to muscle-stock since the 'mill' between Mr. HEENAN and Mr. SAYERS (witnessed by English Earls and Members of Parliament, 'with applause,') that they would be willing to row the stripling Prince over the American *chute* of Niagara Falls, should he desire to adventure upon that voyage. Speaking of the HEENAN and SAYERS' 'scrimmage,' (we are prejudiced, we admit, regarding the science of the ring as inferior to the science of Astronomy,) there is one thing, concerning which we are mainly in doubt. It was to be, as we understood it, 'a fair *stand-up* fight': but 'ow could that well be, 'ye kno', when Mr. HEENAN kept knocking SAYERS down all the time?

During half the fight the so-called 'Champion of England' was flat on his back, looking up to the sky, and as *'Bell's Life in London'* says, 'snorting with surprise, and winking like a dissipated owl.' D'y'e call *that* a 'fair stand-up fight?' Not a bit of it! - - - A DEAR little girl-correspondent, (surely we may say so, although we have never had the pleasure to look upon her young face,) writes us, in a most kind and flattering note from Tarrytown, as follows:

'In the April number, I believe it was, you spoke of the tablet erected to Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING in our church. It is directly over our pew; and the first Sunday it was there, I, who sat at the end of the pew, noticed immediately a number of eye-glasses levelled, as I imagined, at myself. For some time I was much disturbed with the idea that there must be something very peculiar in my appearance, and accordingly spoke to mother about it. She smiled, and motioned to the tablet over my head. My fears, I then discovered, were groundless. But speaking of the tablet, my thoughts instantly revert to Mr. IRVING. He visited at our house, and was very fond of my sister, and on her last two birth-days gave her beautiful editions of the 'Sketch-Book,' and 'Bracebridge Hall.' Dear old man! I would tell you so many things about him, if my paper were enlarged and my time my own. But believe me ever, your sincere friend,

A. B. F.'

How universal these tributes! - - - WE had intended to enlarge somewhat, in the present pages, upon the proceedings at the '*Annual Dinner of the Eclectic Club*,' to which we made brief allusion in our last number: but adequate particulars, time and space, alike forbid. It may suffice to say, that it was an occasion so perfectly *enjoyed*, that few who were present will be likely to forget it. The toasts, brief, sententious, and responded to with eloquence and *good taste*, that rarest of characteristics, in general dinner-speeches; the songs, alike effective and unaffected; the perfect *esprit de corps* and genial good feeling of the time; and last, but not least, the varied and sumptuous repast, with its appropriate vinous delicacies, up which the spirits of the guests ascended 'as upon a veritable ladder of transport;' all these, as we have said, are 'booked' in the memories of all who were present. - - - The '*Cataract Washing Machine*,' which has been advertised in our business-department, is peculiarly an 'American institution,' and as valuable as it is peculiar. It sustains the practical test, *use*. All house-keepers are loud in its praise; all who have used it asserting, 'without reservation,' that it washes whiter than by the hand, while there is no rubbing, and no wear. The cleaning process is effected by the action of water forced through the clothing in opposing currents. SULLIVAN AND HYATT, 494 Broadway, are the manufacturers. - - - THERE are unavoidably omitted, although in type, subsections of 'Gossipry,' including notices of the untimely death of EDWARD PAYSON WASHBOURNE, the young and gifted Arkansas painter; of the Atlantic and Great Western Broad-Gauge Rail-Road from New-York to St. Louis; of the 'Scuppernong Wine,' and its delicious flavor; and of certain '*Woodpeckerian Beauties*,' mounted for the EDITOR by his friend, Mr. JOHN G. BELL, Taxidermist and Naturalist, 339 Broadway. These 'bide their time' until our next. - - - To those who are now looking for *Summer Board*, we may say, that the *Large House on 'Cedar Hill,' Piermont*, is open for the accommodation of boarders from the city, who desire a pleasant summer retreat. They will find a good table, spacious rooms, pleasant parlors, overlooking some

of the most enchanting land and water views on the Hudson; situated in a picturesque and pleasant region for walks, rides, etc. It is only five minutes' walk from the rail-road dépôt: eight trains daily to and from the city: steam-boats, moreover, twice a day. - - - '*Plantation Life in Cuba*,' we are sorry to inform our old friend 'W. H. C.,' of Key-West, Florida, has not been received at this office, either by the publisher and proprietor, Mr. GRAY, or by the EDITOR. We beg to repeat, that ALL communications for the KNICKERBOCKER, of whatever description, should be addressed to L. GAYLORD CLARK, care of JOHN A. GRAY, Esq., Publisher and Proprietor, Number 16 and 18 Jacob-Street, New-York. - - - UPON a card, in the advertising department of the present number of the KNICKERBOCKER, will be found the name and address of 'HONEYWELL, Hatter, Number Eleven Park Row, opposite the ASTOR-HOUSE.' Nothing more, he is well aware, need to be said. His light, graceful *attractive* 'tiles' are a perpetual advertisement for him.

Brief Notices of New Publications.

AUDUBON'S '*BIRDS OF NORTH-AMERICA*.'—Mr. J. W. AUDUBON, at Messrs. ROE LOCKWOOD AND SON'S, publishers, Number 411 Broadway, is publishing in numbers, from the original copper-plates, by subscription only, his celebrated father's immortal and wholly unequalled work, '*The Birds of North-America*;' and at *one half* the original price. What a treasure, for the comparatively small amount of its cost! We quote from Messrs. LOCKWOOD AND SON'S circular:

'This edition, in softness, finish, and correctness of coloring, will be superior to the first, and every Plate will be colored from the original drawings, still in the possession of the family. It will contain all the Plates and Text of the original work, embracing more than One Thousand Figures of Birds, all of the size of nature, represented in action amid the scenes, or on the plants most common to their habits, together with seven royal octavo volumes of Text. The work will be issued in forty-five numbers—forty-four of Plates, and one of Text—each number of plates containing ten; printed on seven sheets of double elephant paper, of the best quality for the purpose, 27 by 40 inches, and will be delivered to subscribers monthly, free of expense, at Ten Dollars per number; the last number, comprising the seven volumes of text, to be delivered with the fifteenth number. It is intended that each number shall contain as follows, namely, two large plates, each occupying the whole sheet; two of a medium size, each occupying also the entire sheet; and six of the smaller size, two plates on a sheet; thus presenting ten of the original plates on seven sheets, giving a variety in each number. In estimating the cost, the mere expense of manufacturing has been taken into consideration, without reference to the original cost of the copper-plates, which was nearly one hundred thousand dollars; and a very small profit has been charged on the expense thus estimated.'

We need add no farther word of commendation to an announcement so attractive as this.

THE THRONE OF DAVID: from the Consecration of the SHEPHERD OF BETHLEHEM, to the Rebellion of Prince ABSALOM: being an Illustration of the Splendor, Power, and Dominion of the Reign of the Shepherd, Poet, Warrior, King, and Prophet, Ancestor and Type of JESUS: in a Series of Letters addressed by an Assyrian Ambassador, Resident at the Court of SAUL and DAVID, to his LORD and KING, on the Throne at Nineveh: wherein the Glory of Assyria, as well as the Magnificence of Judea is presented to the Reader as by an EYE-WITNESS. By the Reverend J. H. INGRAHAM, LL.D., Author of '*LAFITTE, or the Pirate of the Gulf*,' '*The Prince of the House of DAVID*,' '*The Quadroon*,' '*The Pillar of Fire*,' and '*So Forth*.' In one Volume: pp. 603. Philadelphia: G. G. EVANS, Publisher, Number Four Hundred and Thirty-Nine, Chestnut-street.

This is a poor book: and we cannot conscientiously commend it to public acceptance. It is 'hard to write good.' The writer is not an insipid writer. He is sipid: he is an experienced melo-dramatic novelist: not the best kind of author, we should say, to illustrate the sublime yet simple narratives of the Holy Scriptures.

LIFE BEFORE HIM. A Novel. W. A. TOWNSEND AND COMPANY. — The author says in his dedication: 'While I cannot applaud the success of this performance, I trust that the book does not altogether lack pages in which the life and vital spirit are not indifferent expositors of the truth and value of my theory.' This book is evidently the work of a novice. What few ideas the author has, and whatever his theory may be, he has certainly succeeded in confusing and bewildering both himself and his readers. The plot is weak and hackneyed; the characters are all married off in the most amiable manner: and the old villain makes restitution of his ill-gotten spoils, of course. The dialogue is tame and languid: and altogether, we cannot congratulate the public on this acquisition to its book-shelves.

HISTORY OF FRANCE. By PARKE GODWIN. HARPER AND BROTHERS. — It is the design of the author to present in a series of volumes the history of France. The work before us is the beginning, and is confined to ancient Gaul. No other one work supplies the information which this book presents; and the facts as recited are verified by foot-notes and the most abundant quotations, showing the accuracy and industry of the Author. He writes with nervous vigor, and sometimes with polish — always in a style that is intelligible, direct, and to the purpose: and we regard his work as a valuable contribution to our historical literature.

RITA: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. MATHEW AND BROTHER: Boston. — We would recommend this book to all lovers of light reading. It is characterized by elegance of diction and a plot of intense interest. The heroine is a true character, and admirably drawn: and her introduction to the gay life and intrigue of Parisian society, and her constant struggle against the overbearing tyranny of her father, Col. PERCIVAL, who is the general villain of the book, presents a tale of startling incident, and many telling 'situations.' We shall be glad to welcome a second production from this graphic pen.

New Music.

MESSRS. FIRTH, POND AND COMPANY, 547 Broadway, New-York have issued '*No, Thank You, Sir,*' or '*Fairy May,*' a sprightly song, with chorus *ad libitum*. '*Mary May,*' a ballad composed by E. L. HIME. '*Le Galop de Diable,*' by WILHELM SCHMEISSER. Why such a title was selected is incomprehensible. There is nothing specially infernal about the piece: it is a little hard and somewhat grotesque, but had it been called '*Galop of the Gleaners,*' or '*Saltatory Starts of a Sombre Solitary,*' or any other arabesque title, the piece would have been as well fitted as now, and relation of composition and title as perceptible. '*It is Recorded,*' by F. B. HOLMES, dedicated to the Sons of Malta. '*Media Noche Galop,*' by F. B. HELMSMULLER. '*Coterie Polka,*' by F. B. HELMSMULLER. The author's experience with the Germanians has been turned to good account: his dance-music is excellent. '*My Own Mountain Home,*' by WM. L. HENSLER. '*Larmes de Nuit,*' nocturne pour piano, par W. IUCHO, a piece requiring considerable executive skill for its interpretation.

MESSRS. WM. HALL AND SON, 545 Broadway, New-York, continue the issue of selections from '*Lurline,*' WALLACE's new opera, and have sent us the *Overture*, '*The Spell,*' a romance for soprano voice; '*O Rudolf! haughty Rudolf!*' duett for mezzo soprano and tenor; '*When the Night Winds,*' romance for soprano; '*Our Bark in Moonlight Beaming,*' tenor song; '*Sweet Form that on my Dreamy Gaze,*' tenor recitative and aria. Most of these pieces are within the powers of our best amateurs, and will be a welcome addition to their repertoire. Beside '*Lurline,*' MESSRS. HALL AND SON have issued '*Fairy's Dream Polka,*' by CHAS. FRADEL. '*It Seems but the Other Day,*' a ballad, by J. R. THOMAS. '*Bright Days are Coming, Love,*' a very good song, by J. R. THOMAS.